

A 1608/1439.

# COLLECTION

OF WELSH

# TRAVELS,

AND

# Memoirs of WALES.

CONTAINING

- I. The BRITON DESCRIB'D, or a *Journey thro' Wales*: Being a pleasant Relation of D——n S——t's Journey to that ancient Kingdom, and remarkable Passages that occur'd on the Way. Also many choice Observations, and notable Commemorations, concerning the State and Condition, the Nature, Humours, Manners, Customs, and mighty Actions, of that Country and People.
- II. A *Trip* to NORTH-WALES, by a Barrister of the *Temple*.
- III. A Funeral Sermon, preach'd by the Parson of *Langwillin*.
- IV. *Muscipula*; or the *Welsh* MOUSE-TRAP, a Poem.

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*The whole collected by J. T. a mighty Lover of  
Welsh Travels.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed for and Sold by J. TORBUCK, in *Clare Court*, near *Drury Lane*; and also by most Booksellers and Pamphlet Shops in *England* and *Wales*.

140570

REVISED

BEAN, W. & J. M.

The Board of Directors of the  
 American Red Cross, Inc.,  
 1215 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
 10020  
 Dear Sirs:  
 I am writing you to inform you  
 that I have been appointed  
 as a member of the Board of  
 Directors of the American Red  
 Cross, Inc., effective January  
 1, 1964. I am pleased to  
 accept this position and to  
 contribute to the work of the  
 American Red Cross. I am  
 enclosing herewith a check for  
 \$100.00, which I am donating  
 to the American Red Cross, Inc.  
 for the purpose of supporting  
 its humanitarian work.  
 Very truly yours,  
 [Signature]  
 [Name]  
 [Address]  
 [City, State, Zip]



THE  
Briton Described,  
OR, A  
Journey thro' *W A L E S*.

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L O N D O N :  
Printed for J. TORBUCK, in *Clare-Court*, near  
*Drury-Lane*.

THE

# British Dictionary

OR

Journal of the

LONDON

Printed by J. G. & Co. in the Strand  
England





T O

Sir *Richard Wenman,*

O F

C A S S W E L L

I N T H E

County of *Oxford*, Baronet.

S I R,



Aving had the Honour to  
be employed in a *Nego-*  
*tiation* between an *En-*  
*glish* Gentleman and the  
Ancient *Britons*, I was not only  
upon the Borders, and (as it were)

A 4

the



viii *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

the Limbs of *Wales*, but have travelled through the very *Bowels* of the Country; in which Journey there did salute me so many *Occurrences* worthy of Observation, that I could not forbear a Description of them, and presenting you with the (as I may say) *Wallography* of my Voyage.

I make bold to imitate one *Alexander* of *Greece*, who still, as he went *dragooning* about the World, described the Wandering, and (as it were) the \* *Tom Coriatism* of his Expeditions; only in this I shall differ from him; whereas he gave only a bare *Image* and *Portraiture* of the Country, I shall draw the *Character* of the *Inhabitants*, and shall

\* *Tom Coriat* was a whimsical Traveller, who, in King *James's* Time, beat upon the Hoof about two or three thousand Miles, and returned home as very a Coxcomb as he went out. See his *Travels call'd his Crudities*.

not



## *The Epistle Dedicatory.* ix

not only exprefs in a Map or Table the mere *Picture* of the Place, and tell you that here ftands *one* Town, and *twenty* Miles off ftands another: but my Design is to give you a Narrative of what I obferved concerning the Nature of the ( 1 ) Soil, and of the ( 2 ) Inhabitants, their Original, Perfons, Diet, Apparel, Language, Laws, Customs, Policy, &c.

But what need I go fo far as *Macedonia* for a *Pattern*, feeing we have fo many *Precedents* at home? For one tells us in *Folio*, that he hath been at *Constantinople*; another that he hath been at *Vienna*; a third, that he hath been in *Spain*; and why may I not tell the World in *Octavo*, that I have been in *Wales*? When a Fellow hath either a *Maggot* in his Pate, or a *Breeze* in his Tail, that he cannot fix long  
in

x *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

in a Place; or perhaps, when he hath *entitled* himself by some Misdemeanours either to the Pillory or Gibbet, to *disinberit* himself of his deserved Right, he *flirts* into *Holland*, or is transported into some foreign Country; where, conversing a little while, he thrusts into the World the History of his Adventures, he *varnisheth* over his Banishment, with the Name of Travels, and stiles that his *Recreation* which was indeed his *Punishment*, and so *dignifies* a Ramble by the Name of Journey. He tells what *Wonderments* have surpriz'd him, what *Fragments* of Antiquity have amazed him, what Structures have ravished him, what Hills have tir'd him; in a Word, he is *big* with Descriptions, and obliges you with the Narrative of all his Observations and Notices; seeing every one almost, that hath but *untruss'd* in a foreign  
foreign



*The Epistle Dedicatory.* xi

foreign Country, will have his Voyage recorded, and every *Letter-Carrier* beyond Sea would be thought a *Drake* or a *Cavendish*, I thought with myself, why may not I have the Liberty of relating my Journey, and of communicating my Observations to Mankind. I must confess, my *Pilgrimage* was not far, but perhaps it was *checquered* with as great Variety, both of Pleasure and Peril, as a longer Progress; neither are my Remarks very solemn and stately, but yet they were such as gratify'd my Curiosity, and pleas'd my Humour as well as the Observations of longer Journals.

Such as they are (Sir!) I humbly crave Leave to devote them to your Perusal, as the most signal *Testimony* of that venerable *Esteem* I have for you. I wave your *Panegyrick*, and forbear to rhetoricate, or to de-  
*scant*

xii *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

*scant* in your Praise. You are too *copious* a Subject even for the most *transcendent* Oratory. I like not to display your personal Accomplishments, which are so eminent and conspicuous already in the World. I know an Attempt of that Nature would be too great a *Violence* to your *Modesty*, and I am sure too hard a *Task* for my *Capacity*. My present Business (Sir!) is to put this little Book into your Hands, and to desire you to *honour* the Author in accepting, and to *divert* yourself in reading of it; for possibly, you may find so much *Comedy* in this *Walk*, as may dispose you to smile away an Hour in the Perusal of it. The Relations are not *common* and *ordinary*, and perhaps as pleasant as they are *rare* and *unusual*. I do not know that any Traveller, *jogging* in the *same* Road, hath given the *same* Account of Things, or  
hath

*The Epistle Dedicatory.* xiii

hath made the same Descriptions which I here present you with; so that my Remarks are *spick and span* new, and if they are *ridiculous*, they are not unlike the Persons upon whom they are written. For the *Welsh* People are a pretty *odd* Sort of Mortals, and I hope I have given you a pretty *odd* Character of them, and so I think I am pretty *even* with them for *Oddness*. A *Taphy* is observed to be a *trickish* Animal, that hath a Vein of *Jack-puddinism* running through all his Actions, and therefore I thought it not improper to sprinkle here and there somewhat of the *Blue-Jacket*, and to *Merry-Andrew* my Progress a little farther as I went with jocund Observations, that the *History* might be agreeable to the *Matter* it treats of. So that if a *Welshman* is a *Jest*, as all the World



xiv *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

World account him a living *Pun*, a walking *Conundrum*, and a breathing *Witticism* ; then have I made one Joke upon another.

I am not insensible that Papers of another Nature and Complexion are more agreeable to the *Character* you bear in the World ; *Machiavel* and *Malvezzi*, or some Discourse of Maxims of *Policy*, would be a more suitable Subject for your Contemplation : But (Sir !) I pretend not to instruct you for the *Parliament-house*, but to divert you by the *Fire-side*.

Now for the Conclusion of all ; if there are any good *Things* in *Wales*, the Enjoyment whereof is worth the wishing you, I pray Heaven to crown you with the Fruition of them : But possibly it  
may

*The Epistle Dedicatory.* xv

may be a Province not much *crowd-  
ed* with Blessings ; may you there-  
fore flourish in the Affluence of  
good *English* Mercies ; may you  
always possess good *English* Riches,  
Health and Honours, and all other  
Happineffes and Prosperities of our  
own Nation !

*I am,*

*( Worthy Sir ! )*

*Your*

*Very humble Servant.*

The Epistle Dedicatory. xv

may be a Province not much covet-  
ed with Blessings; may you there-  
fore flourish in the Affluence of  
good, English Mercies; may you  
always possesse good English Riches,  
Health and Honours; and all other  
Happineses and Prosperities of our  
own Nation.

I am,

(Henry Sir)

Your

Very humble Servant





THE  
**Briton Described,**  
OR, A  
Journey thro' *W A L E S.*

**U**PON the First of *June* having taken leave of my Friends, and received a Message, a little tiny Errand to be uttered by Word of Mouth, together with a Letter to be delivered into the Hands of one of the most Reverend Taphies; I began to have some Thoughts about *rigging* myself out for mine intended Voyage; and to that End, I spatterdash'd my Legs with a Pair of Cuckold's Boots, and either adorn'd or furnish'd my Hand with a battooning Cudgel, and having entertain'd in my Retinue a whole *Dis-tick* of Spaniels:

Upon the Fourth of *June* I turn'd one Side upon *London*, and the other towards *Wales*; the Country which was to be the Period and Term

of my Journey. We travelled all that Day with much Pleasure, being treated as we went, with the *Delicacies* of Nature: the Air was *kind* and *soft*; the Fields were *trim* and *neat*; the Sun *benign* and *cherishing*; the whole Creation was *obliging*, and from every Thing we met, we received a *Civility*; so that this first Day pass'd over with much Satisfaction. I do not remember that we saw any thing remarkable, unless 'twas a Fellow driving a *tir'd Cow*, whose slow Motion he now and then quicken'd by wringing the *Pendulum* of her Tail, and (as it were) curling it into a Screw; he *twisted* her forward, and bor'd the Air with this living *Augre*; methoughts a very pretty Trick, to make a Wibble of his Beast, and a handsome Way to insinuate her along, and to improve her Pace. 'Twas far beyond the Courtship of a Wisp of Hay, in regard *Fear* urges more than *Flattery* can allure, and all Creatures are more ready to ease their *Backs*, than to fill their *Bellies*: O how Scorpions pretty crabbedly applied will make a Thing caper, and increase his Career far beyond the *Temptation* of Cake and Marmalade! and a Cat of *Nine-tails* will drive better than a Dish of Sweet-meats can invite and draw. This was the Method the Bumpkin us'd to advance the *progressive Motion* of the Animal; which indeed is far different from the Custom and Practice of the *Croatiens*; for whereas this Man made his Beast proceed by thrusting at *one End*, the Tail; they make their *tir'd Jades* jog on by putting at the other, the *Fore-top*. We began to subscribe to *Cartesius's* Opinion, that Animals were Engines; for 'tis like, the *Clock-work* of the Cow was somewhat disorder'd, and the

*A Journey through Wales:*

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the Machine (like a Jack) was run down and stood still, till this Artist wound it up, and set the Movements a going.

Being indifferently refresh'd by the Virtue of that Passage, we went forward very courageously; and after a little Time were presented with the Prospect of another Scene, which was laid in a Meadow by a River-side; where we overtook a *Rat-catcher* and a *Fisherman* disputing Precedency, and the Pre-eminency of their Professions. The *Rat-catcher* argued, that his Calling was most worthy, in regard the Object of his Art was a *vocal Creature*; whereas that of the *Fisherman's* was *dumb* and *silent*; besides, *Rats* are educated in Courts and Palaces, are more choicely bred, and have a more delicate Diet, than *Fish*, to feed on; plentiful Reversions of Roast and Boil'd, luxurious Fragments, and the *magnificent Ruins* of Pudding and Pasty, are their common Dishes; only sometimes they pop off a Piece of *Bread* and *Butter*, not of so wholesome a Relish, that is, a little *Arsenick* spread for 'em on the *Trencher* of a Chip; these are the *Viands* of this domestick *Vermin*; whereas *Worms* and *Flies*, and vile Insects, and perhaps a *Hook* to boot, are the best *Fare* that is eaten by *Fishes*. The *Fisherman* replied, that *Fish* themselves were Food for Men, but it was never known that *Rats* were in Season, unless in the *Extremity* of a Siege or Famine.

We left these Fellows very hot in Controversy, which could not be decided; and pass'd on, till at length we arrived to a little Knot, or *Asterism* of Houses standing, or rather lying on the *Crump* of a Hill, rais'd somewhat *proudly* above the ordinary Level; and methoughts, look'd



down with somewhat of *Disdain* upon the humble Vallies. Who was the Founder of this *Hamlet* is not certainly known; but we perceiv'd the *Thacker* had been a great *Benefactor*. As for the Nativity of the Place, the Foundation was laid under an unfortunate *Configuration* of the Heavens; so that the *Tinkers* and *Coblers*, and the Dregs of Mankind that dwelt there, expected not Prosperity, nor hop'd to be advanc'd and sublimated into the *Flower* of the People. The main *Stress* of Government lay upon the *Shoulder* of a single Man, who was a *Bear-ward* by Office, and being the most substantial Person was thought fit to be *invested* with the sole Authority of the Township; a most proper Magistrate for such wild Savages! We observ'd that this Village had as many Ways *into* it, as it had Ways *out* of it, which were equal in Number to the Points of the Compass. The *purling* Brook that crawl'd by it, the *reeking* Dunghill that breath'd within it, the *crook-back'd* Elm that stands *cringing* near it, and the *Pack-saddle* Steeple that stood *squinting* over it, made a pretty Draught of an handsome *Land-skip*.

The Inhabitants of this Place were much addicted to the Vice of *Stealing*; every thing *sticks* to their pitchy Fingers, and they have such an *attractive* Virtue, that wherever they come, all Things trot after the Magnetism of their Persons. A Fellow squatting upon a Cricket in a Room we were in, and rising up from his Seat, the Stool on a sudden (as if tack'd to his A—e) immediately march'd after him, to the great Amazement of the Woman of the House, who did not suspect that his *Bum* had *Hands*, or that her

her *Stool* so nimbly cou'd have us'd its *Legs*. Another espying a *Cylinder* of Bag-pudding, pretty thick in the *Waist*, lolling upon the *Table*, whilst the *Hostess* turn'd her *Back*, in the very *twinkling* of her *Head*, *pocuss'd* it into *Fob*, and so shrowded its *Dimensions* into a second *Bag*.

The *approaching* *Night*, and our wearied *Limbs*, compell'd us to lodge among these *Tenements*; having almost *worn* out ourselves by tedious *Travel*, we resolv'd here to repair our *Breeches*:—but, alas! this *mending* (I allude to *Taylorism*) was little better than mere *Botching*. For, whereas we thought to have renew'd *Nature*, and to have recreated our *Palates* with the pleasant *Wholsomeness* of *Rural Delicacies*, we could scarce so much as even patch her up with the *burden Accommodations* of a red-lettic'd *Inn*; the *Foretop* of a *Carrot*, and a few parch'd *Pease*, were our choicest *Provender*, which fill'd our *Cavities* so full of *Wind*, that we thought we had got the *Four Quarters* in our *Bellies*, which made such *Squibs* of our *Breeches*, that (like the *Fifth of November*, we were continually discharging of *Rockets* and *Crackers*.

The next *Day* dress'd with *Aurora*; nay, before she had put on her *Indian Gown*, we set out with the *Sun*, who, bearing us *Company* but a little while, withdrew into an *Apartment* behind a *Cloud*, at whose *Absence* the *Heavens*, *frowning* and contracting their *Brows*, did presently fall a crying, and wept such plentiful *Showers* of *Tears*, that they moisten'd our *Skins* with the *Deluge* of their *Grief*: But that which terrified us most of all, was *Water* which we saw of several *Colours*, sometimes *red*, and

sometimes *black*; which put us in mind of those *prodigious Rains* the Philosophers speak of, *Blood* and *Ink*; but overtaking a *Collier* and a *Red-Oker* Man, we perceiv'd 'twas the *Distillations* of their Budgets. But that which gave *Wings* to Time, and made it fly merrily while we were in the Company of these Vagrants, were the frequent *Quarrels* that were *broach'd* between them, which at length were improv'd into severe *Buffetings*. The *Object* of both their Occupations lies hid in the Earth, and they work like Moles, whose Employ is *underground*, and (like a certain Fish) they take their *Colour* from the Place they converse in. The Collier thump'd with *Fincturing-Fist* the red Man black; and the red Man dy'd with *Vermilion Blow* the black Man red; so that we never saw before such a *party-colour'd* Combat, such a *Pool's-coated* Conflict, wherein the stout Champions were so mutually disguis'd, that they seem'd to be *Amphibio's*, and to be wholly transform'd into each others Person.

After another Day's Travel in Dust and Sun, we saluted a good handsome Town, not a little resembling in Crookedness a middle-siz'd *Shoehorn*; at the Entrance into it, the *Uncarpentry*, as I may say, of the Floor, or, in other Words, the *Unevenness* of the Streets somewhat dislocating the Position of our almost tripp'd up Feet, had like to have demolish'd us, and to have thrown us down backward; but to prevent the *Solecism* of kissing the Place at the *wrong End*, we recovered our Fall, and went bolt upright into the *Navel* of the Corporation, where there was such an *Assembly* of Provision as represented a Market, which was unhappily disturb'd by an unfor-



unfortunate Accident; for a *certain Bull* of an *uncertain Man*, having mistaken his *Box*, and taken *Pepper* in the Nose instead of *Snuff*, and being inrag'd and heated by the Virtue of the Spice, took a risk about the Cross, and emptied by his Ramble all Stalls and Panniers; so that this *brisk Customer* made a scrambling Kind of Dinner for the whole Country, who was riding upon one anothers Backs for Viands and Booty, and was tumbling among the *Ruins* of Bakers, Victuallers, and Costermongers. We were inform'd that this Town was much infested with the unwelcome Visitants, *Rats* and *Mice*; inso-much that the Inhabitants have a *Rat-cateber* at a certain Pension, as the only *Talis-man* against such noxious Vermin.

Having left this Town behind us, we came to a *Wood* on our Left-hand, nigh unto which was a discontented Fountain *murmuring* as it run (we did not enquire a what) and *bubbling* forth seemingly much Dissatisfaction. This Wood was a *promiscuous Rabble* of all Vegetables. A *Throng* of Trees of all Ranks and Qualities; we refresh'd ourselves a little under this natural *Arbor*, and being pretty chearful in this Circumstance of Place; one of our *Caravan* began to express his Joy in some Notes of Musick, who, as soon as he began to strike up with his *Pipe* (thinking he had but one) he presently perceiv'd it to be multiplied into an *Organ*, and wonder'd (with the Bumpkin that pull'd at the Bellows) that he had so much Harmony in him. For you must know, hereabouts dwelt a Thing called an *Eccho*, who, as soon as she heard but *Sol*, *Fa*, whipp'd, she improv'd the Melody into a *Noise* and *Concert*; and presently increas'd

those single Notes into the whole *Gamut*; and most neatly play'd the *Wag* with the *Tail* of his Voice; being a very pretty *Songster*, that sings well by the Ear. But while *Lug* was solac'd with the tattling *Reverberation* of Voice, our *Eyes* were ravish'd with a most delicate *Prospect*; for here was a most pleasant champion Piece of Ground, which, extending and roaming itself some Furlongs in length, was furnish'd with all the *Excellency* that ever commended the most transporting *Elysium*; the Air was lullaby'd as still and quiet as dormant Infant; the Day was orient, bright, and clear; the Earth, like a Forester, was clad in green: The Figure of this Field was a *Parallelogramum*, the Stile was situate South-East by North, and consisted of a *Climax* of three Rails, over which we convey'd ourselves by *Elevation of Leg*; near the Entrance into the Meadow, we observ'd an Hole or *Casement* in the Hedge, which we perceiv'd the Hogs had oftentimes *threded*; but the Hedger had *glaz'd* it with a *Pane* of Furz.

Having ambled over some Furlongs on this, as it were, *Newmarket* Heath, we perceiv'd it to degenerate, and to grow worse and worse, and, like an handsome Neck of Mutton, to determine in the Unevenness of a Rock, or Scrag. A little while after we winded a *Cordwainer*, who (as he told us) was newly recover'd from a sad *Mischance*; for walking carelessly, one Day he happen'd to have a Fall, and to *squat* his Breech upon an *Hedge-hog*, which he carried away as cleverly (it clinging to his *Buttocks*) as if he had sat upon a *Ball* of his Wax; whether there is a Sympathy between a *Shoemaker's Tail*, and the Skin of an *Urchin*, or whether the

the *Bristles* of the Creature enter'd the *Pores* of his Backside, we list not to decide that Controversy now; but however the Mortal complain'd that it was an uneasy *Cushion*, and that that *Spinny* of Awls had made a *Cullender* of his A——: But being not much concern'd at the *Cerebrosity* of his *sievy* Bum, the *Ilet-holes* where of being not very deep, we went together, till we arrived to the *Roughness* of the foremention'd Downs, which did somewhat decline into an uneven *Precipice*, whose craggy Stairs as soon as we had descended, we stumbled upon an House, or a Dunghill modell'd into the Shape of a Cottage, whose outward Surface was so all to-be-negroed with such swarthy Plaister, that it appear'd not unlike a great Blot of Cow-turd: This Structure straddled over about eight Ells of Ground, above the Surface whereof the Eves were advanc'd about two Yards, and the Chimney peep'd out about a Foot above the Eves; the Light flow'd in through the *old Circumference* of a bottomless *Peck*: which, being struck in the Thatch, supply'd the Place of an *Orbicular* Casement. The Door-Way was a Breach in the Wall toward one End, which being of a dwarfish Size, *i. e.* two Foot lower in Stature than an ordinary Man, we were forced to abridge our Dimensions, and to creep in. The Parlor, Hall, Kitchen, *i. e.* one Room within, was prettily adorn'd with the *Poetry* of *Ballads*; a *crippled* Pipkin with a broken Shin, near allied to a Dish of the same Matter; a *vocal* Spoon with a Whistle at the End; and a *tipsy* Cradle reeling in the Corner, methoughts, were a *pretty* Sort of *Goods*, and not *unhandsome* *Furniture*. A whole *Litter* of Children was *strew'd* upon the Floor;  
only



only one *Mop-beaded Boy* was *tripos'd* on a Cricket, and blew the Fire; the carv'd Mantle-tree seem'd to be defended by a little *wooden Fellow*, furiously strutting in an *Oaken Cloak*; and we perceiv'd the Window was *endors'd* with the Picture of a Fly. We observ'd that the *bulky Cupboard* was a Nuisance to the whole *Family of Household-stuff*, which it had mightily disobligh'd by entrenching on their Liberties, they grudging it so much Room; and indeed the Table, Bed, and other Utensils have not suffer'd a little Detriment by its injurious *Contiguity*. We had a Prospect of whole *Territories* about this Building, which though not large, yet were exceedingly well fortified; a little Hedge being a *Pallisado* on one Side, and a narrow Trench, instead of a *Bulwark*, on the other: the *Continuity* of the Mound was *violated* by a *Notch* in the Corner to set a Stile in, over which when we had pass'd, we espied a Bank like a little *Hybla*, cap'd with a Hive of Bees, which this small *Eden* curiously carv'd, and (as it were *Quincunx'd*) into a Knot, did feast with the Moisture of its delicious Flowers. Leaving the *Phylacteries* of this Yard, we met the Good Housewife of this little Tenement with her Tippet *bristling*, her Mouth *mumping*, and her Hands *knitting*; she had a *Cade Lamb* at her Rear, attending upon her, and a *Kitten* in the *Van*, conducting her home.

We followed our Noses from hence, and were directed by the *Clue* of a long Hedge; which, after a great Extent in Length, we found to be *tagg'd* with a rough Lane; turning from which, a little toward the right, we overtook a *Church* standing (like an Ace)  
and

and moping by itself, at some Distance from the Town; which whether *it* run from the Parish, or the Parish *from it*, we are not as yet informed, though we have most Reason to suspect the *latter*; in Regard as to outward Appearance, the weak Constitution of the Fabrick seem'd not much to be addicted to run. It seem'd to be very crazy, and had a *Muffler* of Ivy, which, we presume, were instead of Crutches; for, whereas that feeble Vegetable is usually *upbeid* by the Walls it clings to, we believe it was a *Buttress* here to support the Walls. But having sadden'd our Aspect with the melancholy Looks of this desolate Temple, we took our Leave of it, and shot directly down a *Balk* upon that prophane Town to which it seem'd to stand related. At our first Salutation whereof, we chanced to pop into a dapper *Ale-house*, mightily stuffed with a huge Hostess, whose Moisture distilling through the Pores of her Body, and being somewhat turn'd through excessive Heat, struck our *olfactive* Nerves with so great a Sowerness, that we had quite been overcome with this *Vessel of Vinegar*, had she not too much jogg'd herself by an unhappy Fall, and spilt a great Quantity of her unctuous Liquor.

The Shoemaker conjectured that she had lost about five or six Pound (*Averdupois*) from her *Rear* behind, and presently concluded, that she was in great Danger of hanging all *a-one side*, unless some charitable Person should poize her with Thrust of *assisting Nose*. We had scarce *primed* our Pipes, but in comes a *Law-Jobber*, accompanied with the *Bum-brusber*, or Schoolmaster of the Place, who, after some Time

Time, took Occasion to shew their Skill and Breeding at Fifty-cuffs, but (Thanks to the Stars) without any *Danger* to their Professions; for they did not so much aim at the *Head*, as level their Fury at each others *Heels* where their Knowledge 'was supposed not to *lie*, though some hold that they have as much Learning *at one End*, as they have at *the other*. The most remarkable Thing in this Village was a *Carrot-pate* House at the *Posteriors* of the Town; it was covered with Tile, and was curiously contrived after the *Italian* Models. The Master that did animate, or the *ἑνελεχία* of this Stone Carcass (they told us) was lately dead: His Distemper was a *Quarrel* between his Belly and his Back; the one being *bursten* took Pet and run away from the other, so that the poor Man, being at a Loss for a Place to put his Victuals in, *dy'd* with a Conceit.

St. *Crispin's* Disciple, having a Mistress in this Lordship, and being almost within the *Atmosphere* of her Presence, began to *wind* her, and had a great Tendency to the Place where she was; so that I might as soon expect that a Stone should fall beyond the Center, as that this *gentle Craftsman* should budge further; wherefore nothing was expected now but an immediate *Divorce* from each others Company; but before we parted, he obliged me with the Prospect both of her Person and Fortune. As for the first, as soon as I saw it, I had greater Reason to congratulate my Eye-sight than I had before; for she was bless'd with a most *ravishing* Aspect, and a snug Face, most prodigiously grac'd with a dainty fine Nose fasten'd in its Middle; which is  
not



not like some Snouts that look more upon one Cheek, than they do upon the other, but shews equal Respect to both, not at all *disobliging* the right by *fleering* too much on the left. And then for her Eyes, they are excellent at twiring, and will be sure to keep her Nose *safe* (I'll warrant you) for one looks *one* way, and the other *another*. The Woman had a Mouth too, which was somewhat bigger than that of a Musket, though not twice as big as the capacious Bore of a blue Noggin. This Mouth she put but to *one Use*, and that's the same that we put ours to, that is, to eat three or four Meals in a Day; for it seems, whereas other Women often use theirs in *prating* and *twatling*, we perceiv'd that this *sav'd* her Mouth, and spake through her Nose. As we have given you the Picture of her Person, so now let's present you with a Landskip of her Fortune. As for her Lands, that is, Pasture-Ground, and Meadow, we could not discern, but that (like a Spot upon the Globe) they took but little Room upon the Surface of the Earth, and (like the Possessions of *Alcibiades*) were but a little Speck to the World. A little Muck would dung her Fallow; one high Table T— (to speak in the *Oxford* Dialect) will much enrich it, and an Ear of Corn will go near to sow it; 'tis like she hath Grass enough for a Couple of Rabbits. Having survey'd the Paramour, and the Portion of this Nivel-ling Cöbler, after a single Sip of Sixes out of a Tin Pot, and a *Treble* Go-down out of a Cup of *Double*; after a *right Line* Scrape with *left* Leg; and uncouth doffing of a bad Bonnet, after *slinking* a Compliment by Way  
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of Thanks for his Society, attended by his Coblerhood to the Confines of a Yard, at the clasping together of two lowering Gates in the Presence of a *corpulent* and *burly* Elm, I solemnly took leave of my fellow Traveller. After his Departure, I was forced to beguile away the Time in the shady *Solitude* of silent Thoughts, which before I spent in the *brisker Entertainment* of Discourse and Dialogue: I had not long busied my Faculties with inward Speculations, but I met with Variety of Objects courting, with their *Flatteries*, my almost distracted Contemplations. I saw *three Stones* so artificially set, that they represented the Figure of a convenient *Stile*. Methoughts the Architecture of it was very curious; for one Stone, about a Foot square, being placed perpendicularly upright, its Northern Extremity was cross'd by another at right Angles; on the other Side whereof, was erected another perpendicular correspondent to the former. The Position of these Materials made a pretty Fabrick, over which a Man might commodiously pass; its Surface was smooth, not *tufted* with Snags, which are always catching and *snarling* at your Cloaths, to the great *Disgust* and Damage of your Breeches; about two Yards distance there was a Cross delved in the Earth, which seemed either an Argument of *Popish Superstition*, or a Sign or Mark of the Parish *Selvidge*.

Departing from hence, we mov'd through a Close very *populous* with Mutton; there being (as it were) a whole *Academy* of Sheep *seizing* on a Hay-Rick, not bottled out into Commons, but geometrically carved into  
good

good *sexangular* Luncheons. 'Twas Foot-cloath-ed (as it were) with Straw near five Yards about, upon which were tumbling a *Bag-piper*, and an *Hocus*, who wantoned so long till (like Dogs) at last their Play determined in a sharp Conflict. The Man of Musick buffeted the Jugler to *some Tune*, who adding two or three *Howls* to the *Notes* of his Drone-Pipe, by cleanly Conveyance, did vanish from him. The Piper appeared of a tawny Complexion, his *Nose* bending with an Arch upward; his *Eyes*, being somewhat hollow, seemed to increase the *Promontory* of his jetting Forehead. In a Word, there was *Charm* enough in his Aspect; he was well built, his whole *Frame* and *Con-texture* was *sweet* and *regular*; I must needs say, I have seldom met with any handsomer *Model* or *Platform* of a Man. But though his *Person* was neat and *uniform*, yet his *Habit* and *Garb* was full of *Deformity*, and there were as many *Solecisms* and *Inchorenties* on these, as there were *Congruities* and *Beauty* commendable in that. He wore a *Miscellany* of Apparel, a *Gallimaufry* of Cloaths, as I humbly conceive, it was a *Tytthe Suit*, composed of various and several Sorts; such a *Club* of Rags, and *Rendevous* of Fragments, must needs be a Collection (like the Jerkin of the Jay) of several Feathers from divers Birds. His Doublet (which indeed was but one great Patch in *Folio*) was very *heterogeneous* from the rest of his Attire; he had worn his Lappets into perfect *Fringe* (so that he seemed to be surrounded with the *Remnant* of a Curtain) and had *thin'd* his Elbows into their first *Principles*. It was of a Mouse-Colour Hue, and as near as I could



could guess) it appeared to be the *Result* of an old Cloak; both its first *Crop* and *Latter-Math* too were both worn off, and it was so thread-bare that it had almost *founded* three or four of his best Lice; wherefore we advised him to hang it no longer on a *Knave's* Back, but to condemn it to the Housewifery of a Shoe-clout. The Relicks that were left of his tatter'd Breeches were one *Story* pendulous below his Coat. His Instrument (like a Gizzard was tucked under his Arm, which, by *Shag* of Elbow, he did *bug* into Harmony, and *squeeze* out of its Womb most ravishing Ditties. We made but few Remarks on the Person of the Juggler, only we thought it appear'd to be somewhat *sleathy*; his Noddle was shrowded under the *Patronage* of a colloped Hat, whose *indented* Margin, being somewhat frail, declined from the Equality of an *horizontal* Position, and flapping inward on both Sides, and hugging his Ears, forced the poor Man to look as it were through a *Spout*. He had a Bunch of Ribbond in his Hand, which possibly might be the Effect of his last *Vomit*; for we suppose, having had a Surfeit of Silk-worms, and a *Loom* in his *Throat*, he can *disgorge* more at a Cast, than an ordinary Weaver can work in a Week's Time. His little *Pointing-stick* and Tin Dishes, with other Implements of his Art, made an horrible Noise and *Combustion* in his Pocket, even to the Terror and Amazement of an *Humble-Bee* who was *rioting* on the Luxuries, and was wantonly *basking* on the sunny *Terrace* of a magnificent Thistle. Nay, the jingling of his Tackle did alarm an Army of *Wasps* and *Hornets*, which

which lay *encamped* hard by under the Roof of a shady Furz-bush; these made such an Onset on Hocus with their *Landsprizades*, that making a *Pin-cushion* of his Body, they stuck it so full of Needles, that the *Pungency* of their Weapons, and *Artillery* piercing to the Quick, made the poor Fellow curvet and elevate himself nimbly into two or three dancing *Capreolls*. He carry'd on his Back as thick a *Quickset* of Stings as a Hog of Bristles. He was swell'd to a treble Proportion beyond what he was; his *Hands* were grown too big for his Pockets, and could have no Reception into those narrow *Closets*. The *Circumference* of his Head was hugely increased beyond the *Diameter* of his Hat; so that the *Convexity* of the former could not be contained within the *Concavity* of the latter. In a Word, being magnified beyond the *Fallacy* of the best Glass, his Cloaths were too little for his *enlarged* Dimensions; so that he burst through the Confines of his *scanty* Case. Means presently were used for the leveling of this mountainous Vagrant, and Hide-swoln; he was immediately plunged into a Bath of Honey, which though a present Cure of his Disease and Malady, yet was as great a Cause of an Inconvenience as bad; for a certain *Bear* not far off got his Medicine in the Wind, and came galloping for a Lick of her admir'd Dainties; which, when the Juggler perceived, having lost through Fear the retentive Faculty, he adulterated her Dish by a Mixture of somewhat that was of the same Colour, though not so sweet. The Juggler *hoof'd* it away with a winged Speed; the Bear, with a Pair up and a Pair down, most swiftly pur-

fued him. We stay'd not to see the Issue of the Race, but advanced forward in a regular progressive Motion, who, after a little Time, were crossed by a Rivulet, which wriggled along with a crooked Current; over which we conveyed ourselves by *Saltation*. On the other Side of the Bank was a little *Arabia* of Sand, enough ( I suppose ) to supply all the *Hour-Glasses* in the Country; nay, perhaps, and that of *Time* too till the last Minute: Near this Mountain of Sand, lay prostrate at Length *two Iron-Wedges* contiguous to a Block in *Folio*, which we supposed was to be rent into *Collops*, and to become a *Sacrifice* to hungry *Vulcan*. There was a numerous *Family* of Chips about it, which were different in Shape, Colour, and Bigness, so that they seemed not to be the Offspring of the same Parent; they lay in a *Chaos* without any Order, amidst which Confusion, the unlucky *Gibeonite*, that hew'd them, lost the Head of his Ax: The *Decollation* whereof seemed ominous to the Man, and made him superstitiously leave his Work: Myself, and a Couple of *Gadarens* that were driving Swine, made a diligent Scrutiny for the *Noddle* of the Tool, which, after some time, we perceived to lie entombed under the *Mausoleum* of a good lusty Shaving. We did not perceive that it was much damnified by its Retirement, only the Dampness of its *Urn* did somewhat abate and obscure the Eagerness of its Edge, and the Lustre of its Aspect. We delivered it into the Hands of its Owner, who presently fastened it to the Shoulders to which it did belong.

After



After a small Offering of Thanks for our careful Search, the Swine-herds turned to the left, and we wheeling to the right, after we had jogg'd over some few Acres of a *phlegmatick* and cold Constitution, most happily popped on the warmer Turf of a pleasant Cornfield. It was fringed about with a Mound of Elder trees, whose ambitious Height and luxuriant Branches gave impregnable Security to the nestling Birds. The *Diameter* of a Path run through the Midst, whose *Poles* were transverse or thwarted the *Hinges* of the World. It was environ'd on both Sides with a *Sea* of Corn, which being mov'd by the Breath of *Æolus*, (that Bellows of the World) what a *Flux* and *Reflux* was there of *Waves* of Wheat! We passed through this Territory and Dominion of *Ceres* with the most exalted Delight. How did that *Goddeſs* sit in Triumph there? What Crowds of *Clients* bowing their Ears to her Commands and Dictates? Every Land was parted with the *Isthmus* of a Balk, on several of which lay the *Habiliments* of the Harvesters; an extended Sleeve of a red Waist-coat, embracing the Collar of a Leathern-Jump, and touching the Hem of a grafted Petticoat, presented us with the Idea of a pretty *Ward-Robe*. We went out of this Inclosure through the western Passage of a *three-railed* Gate: Upon which there did directly shoot the aged Fragments of a *decrepid* Wall; which over-topping our Stature in Height and Tallness, we were forced to add to our Quantity a Nine-inch Stone, that raising our Dimensions we might peep over it. There was scarce any Thing remarkable on the other Side, unless a vast Rolling-pin of human

Ordure. It was four Inches Diameter, and probably discharged from a *Musquet* Bore, and that near upon the Confines of a Tuft of Wormwood, whose bitter Scent mixed with the Unfavouriness of *excrementitious* Atoms breathed a medly kind of Stink, and gave but ordinary Entertainment to our offended Nostrils. Among the Ruins of this Mound, we discovered the *Snout* and some other *Limbs* of a *murthered* Dial; it was not so defaced, but that we could discover in its *Physiognomy* some *martyr'd* Figures, that were yet legible, and there were some Relicks of Lines, that were not quite obliterated. Time, I presume (being vexed perhaps that it should observe its Motions) hath set its Grinders in it, and out of *Envy* and *Malice* hath quite devour'd it. I am apt to think that this Pile of Stones stood in its native Country, where it was first bred, as may be conjectured from an adjacent Pillar, whose Pregnancy (we fancy) produced this *Litter* of Stones, it being the Mother of these *rocky Babes*. We advanced to the Orifice of this *lapideous Womb*, where were hewing Mortals, by cruel *Midwifery*, digging out the Offspring of teeming Earth. It was an *unpolish'd* Spectacle, and the Workmen were as *rough* and *uneven* as the Prospect; and the Artificers were as intractable and stubborn, as the Materials, or Objects of their Art. Two of the most *brawny* Paviers stood lolling by the Mattock that picked them out, and a single one, in a decumbent Posture, lay prostrate at their Feet, whose Northern Extremity performed the Office of a *Pedestal* to the *Embrio* of a Statue, which was but newly hatched, and fashion'd  
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in a Bed of Sand. The Declivity of a Corner, near the Entrance into the Pit, gave Occasion to the Water to *stagnate* into a Puddle; through which we did not fail, though the Trajection was very short, but fetching a Circuit about its Shore, we went out at the Passage through which we entered. But no sooner had we convey'd ourselves out of this *Hole*, but after we had traced over some few Furlongs of a *grassy Pavement*, a certain Moiety of our Bodies popp'd into *another*, and a few Steps after, some of our Feet happened into a third; and, a little while after, falling down, our Hands were buried in two more. We wondered who had punched so many Eyelet-holes in the Earth's Skin, till seeing Robin *Run-a-hole* sit mumping (like a Troglodite) in his House under Ground, we perceived the Inclosure, we were in, was a well-peopled *Warren*: We had a Frisk or two after the Inhabitants of the Place; but their *Heels* prevented our Design on their *Scuts*, for the Nimbleness of the *one* secured them from Imposition of *Salt* on the *other*. The *Sanctuary* of their Burrows defend-ed them from the Violence of all *Persecutions*. Their *Cells* were contiguous, nay, in some Places, they had broken down the Partitions, and by a frequent *Burglary* did invade the Privacy of each others Apartments. The *Dragon* that kept this *Garden* of Conies was a *Zam-zummin* in Stature, a second *Goliab*, whose Hand was *Quarterstaff'd* with a mighty Beam. They told us of an *Hercules* or two that came to encounter this Keeper, (who 'tis said) did so *out-club* the Yermin, that instead of an *Auger-hole*, he made them earth themselves in the



Asylum of a *Coney-hole*. The *Burrow* of the Keeper stood near the Center of his Dominions, being the *Metropolitan* Seat of that little *Nation* of Rabbits. The *Architecture* of the Fabrick was not contemptible, being stately in Height, whose Top was *crowned* with the Magnificence of *Turrets*, whose vigilant Loftiness had an Eye to the Security of the circumjacent Region. The biggest *Wonderment*, we beheld about it, was, That its *Head* did not shoot so far *upward* into one Element, but its *Feet* sunk as low *downward* into another, it standing Knee-deep, nay almost up to the Waist in Earth, having as many Stories under Ground as it had above. Whether the Bucks or Does were the *Pioneers* that dug those Cellars, or whether the Architect design'd them on Purpose to prevent the Underminings of those notable *Deceivers*, we are not so well able to determine. We espied, in a Corner, a *wooden Stratagem* or two on Purpose to entrap (we supposed) ensnaring Reynard, so that that living *Gin*, so fatal to Pullen, dy'd himself in a *Wile*, and one *Trap* was *trapann'd* by another. It was a well-contrived *Ambush*, and pretty handsomely victual'd with a good lusty *Temptation*, which so wrought upon Reynard, that he could not, by any Means, resist its Charms, though it is thought he was as wise a Fox as any in *Æsop*, whom we never met with, without a Piece of *Mortality* tacked to their Tails.

Having pass'd the Bounds of this *Rabbit-Limbo*, it was not long before we were embrac'd within the Confines of a Spot of Ground like an Orchard; for the Ranges of Vegetables gave us a shrewd Suspicion that *Po-*

*mona*

*mona* had had her Residence in that Place: Here *Autumnus* stood lolling under the Pressure of a Burden, being scarce able to bear so many *Wreaths* of Fruit. His Head was crown'd so, that it bow'd with Apples; so that shaking his Ears as we pass'd through, he did so pelt us with a *Shower*, that the unlading of his *Noddle* made *Fractions* in our Pates, and rais'd *Tumours* in *Sinciput* as big as Kentish Pippins. The Place was pretty *populous* with Trees, the *Squadrons* whereof seem'd to be well disciplin'd, standing in their Ranks, and as it were in *Battle-array* like a well order'd Army. Here were several Degrees of Vegetables in wonderful Subordination one under another from the *Commonalty* of Shrubs to the *Majesty* of a Cedar. Here were *Inferior* and *Superior*, and (as it were) *Dignify'd* Fruit-Trees; among whom there stood a Pear-Tree, I suppose Lord *Primate* of the *Hierarchy*. In a South-West-corner we espy'd a few *vermiculating* Hops, wriggling like Worms up the *Pyramid* of a Pole; near which stood an Elm-Tree in the *Arms* of Ivy, which hugg'd it so close, that it was almost *incorporated* into it by its *clasping* Embraces. The *Posteriors* of the Elm-Tree were most barbarously *chastis'd* by the Prickles of a Bramble, which the *Breath* of *Æolus* would often move with smart Jerks. One of our Company taking an occasion to pass by one of these unseen Briars, they presently had their *Talons* clawing upon his Back, and frighted the Man as much as the Bush did *Demosthenes*, which, catching him by the Coat, made him (supposing it to be an Enemy) to cry

out for Quarter: But the Fellow being *cas'd* in Leather, and the *Buffness* of his Coat being Armor-proof against the Bristles and (as it were *Hedghogism* of their Prickles, they could not fasten their Fangs in his Garment, wherefore (Thanks to his Stars) the Man had no Hurt, but was bless'd with a great Deliverance. Toward the Bottom of this Orchard lay prostrate the Trunk of a slain *Myrtle*, and that not far from the Verge or Shadow of a *Cops* of Beans, pretty tall in Stature, and well branch'd; by the *Coverlets* we saw there should be *Beds* not far off, I suppose they were the *Lodgings* of Carrots, Turnips, and of other Roots. There were *Cabbages* grown to a commendable *Globosity*, the Roundness whereof tempted us to a Game at *Foot-ball*; we banded them about sufficiently, and made some of them caper over a Ten-foot-wall. One of the Gamesters was hit just in the Mouth, the Bore whereof, being too little for the Bullet, could not receive it into its *Orifice*, but however it *gelded* and damp'd its Fury, so that it did not retort with Violence to the Injury and Detriment of any body else. We had sweat longer at the Recreation and *Olympick* Sport of *Kick-Cabbage*, had not the Breath of *Cloacina* (her Habitation being near) been so strong, and been a Nuisance unto us.

So that being *stunk* out of our *Quarters*, we turn'd our *Quarters* upon the *Stink*, and travel'd over a Grate into a Church-yard: The Track of our Path lay between the *Mansion House* of the *Levite* on the left-hand, and the *Church* on the right; behind which towards the South there *stood* or *lay* (we cannot



not tell which) a weather-beaten *Tomb*, which was *Moufe-eaten* at one End by that *Vermin* Time, that nibbles all things: It seem'd to be an inverted *Hog-trough* turn'd topsy-turvy with its Muzzle downward; but whether it was or not, or whether it was purposely erected as a *Monument* to preserve the Memory of those Ashes that lay under it, we cannot tell, tho' we have some Reason to suspect the former, in regard there were so many Swine a digging about, who, with the natural *Spades* of their Noses, had almost made a *Pit-hole* for the *Stone*, and so had like to have bury'd one *Grave* in another. Here was a whole *Herd* of Swine a rooting as if they had been turn'd in on purpose to root up *Christians*, as they are in the Fields in *Italy* to dig up *Turffles*. A little *Wall* lay sculking about this Territory of the Dead, which we suppos'd was plac'd there as a *Bulwark* to their Ashes, but it prov'd but a feeble Fence against the Intrusion of the Lambs, who made frequent *Capre-olls* into this adjacent Dormitory: The Mound was rais'd a little, and capp'd with Turf, and environ'd with the Hollowness of a good handsome Ditch; but yet neither *Cap* nor Ditch could keep these Animals from *leap-frogging* over them, from grazing in a *Charnel-house*, and from turning a *Cæmety* of Shades and Ghosts into a *Feeding Pasture* of hungry Beasts.

We mounted this Wall, and mov'd on towards the Western Period of our intended Journey. The bordering Close was *pimpled* with Mole-hills, which seem'd but young *Protuberances* not blister'd into the Bigness of some

some neighbouring Banks. Leaving this Ground behind us, we descended the Declivity of an adjoining Pasture pretty well *bearded* or *bristled* with Thorns and Bushes; and so pass'd through a Farmer's Yard, where we saw an *Alps* of Straw, with Swine (instead of Snow) a groveling a top on't; which put us in mind of the *Ambition* of Goats, who are always clambering up the Craggs of Rocks. The Western Extremity of the Wheat-Hovil shot directly up the Barn, an *Appendix* to which stood the *Apartment* of the Hogs, over which was *perch'd* a Roost for Poultry.

Not far from this Country *Tusculum* stood the *Island* of a House in the Embraces of a Moat, like Ticho's *Uranoberg* in the midst of the Sea; an ancient Pile, a reverend *Nest* of as venerable a *Bird*, which having taken her flight hath left it a Solitude. The greatest Observables were a little silent *Bell* in *Duodecimo*, which, being utterly *disteepled*, hung between the Collops of an old Wall, or rather a *Mortar* invers'd, which had lost its Pestle, so that it was not vocal by Stroke of *internal Clapper*, but by Knocks and Blows of *external Hammer*; within the Sound of this Bell stood a lolling *Washing-Block*; being a wooden kind of *Anvil*, where the *She-Vulcans* were hammering out with Battle-Door the Filth of Linnen, whose unctuous Distillations were the *Nile* that water'd the little *Egypt* of the adjacent Garden.

Having mov'd from this Mansion about three or four Furlongs, we pass'd by the Skirts of a *rotatile Engine*, in Shape not unlike an House, being *pack'd-fall* at Top with

with a Ridge: It seem'd to stand upon Stilts, and to be a moving Habitation like those of the *Getes*. 'Twas *prefac'd* with a *Portico*, into which we ascended by a Scale of Stairs. The whistling Wind breath'd a *Vertigo* in its Pate, whose Giddiness, communicating a Motion to its Grinders, made it *whirlegig* the Grain into Flower, A little distant from hence beyond a small sandy Desert stood a Village, whose *Steeple* was in its Center, not unlike the *Mast* of a Ship. This Tower, as to outward Appearance, had a *Portly Person*: yet they told us it had the Imperfection of Dumbness; it having been *dis-bell'd* for some Years. They were alarm'd to Church by the Report of a *Musquet*, which the Clerk (being an eminent *Gunner*) did usually discharge at every Man's Door. This Clerk was a *Weaver* by Trade, and had relation to a *Loom*, wherein he had been *ambling* for several Years with one Foot *up* and the other *down*, and with all his treading hath scarce got Cloth enough to repair the Breaches of his tatter'd Elbows. They told us that his Trade and he had lately been at *Cuffs*, and are just upon parting, it being such a *Limb-wagging* Profession, that he is not able to endure the *Penance* of it. This Man had a wonderful Skill in *sweeping* the Church, and 'tis thought could tell what a *Clock* 'twas at the *South Dial* as well as most *Astronomers*; he was also a pretty Man of his *Hands* for *Singing*; for when the Tune one Sunday had *ambled* from him into the Chancel, and had almost caught a Fall among the *Non-songsters*; really they told us that this *Notable* Man gave it such a neat Jerk, as that he



he *twitch'd* it into the Church strangely. Now, I say, for the Clerk to have a rare Knack of securing the *Hymn* from those that would steal it, Oh! 'tis an excellent Thing! The most remarkable Things in this Town were an *Ecclesiastical* Wall made of *secular* Mud, which mound-ed in the Introduction of the Parsonage: it afforded secure Harbour to *Vagrant Bees*, who, rendezvousing here, became a *Colony*; they made so many Cells in it, that it appear'd to be the Fragment of a reverend *Honey-Comb*. Not far from this grew a Tree in *Folio*, an huge, thick, squat Elm, *pounded* within the Circumferences of four Benches, which we suppos'd to be Seats made on Purpose for the *Posterns* of Spectators, when *Whitsun-Ale* is solemniz'd with *Festivity* of Fiddle, and celebrated with *Caper* after Pipe and Tabor.

Immediately after our Departure from this Place, Night overtook us, whose *Sables*, eclipsing the Splendor of the Day, shorten'd our Course, and *crooken'd* our Career aside to look for a Lodging. An happy *Retrospect* oblig'd us with the *Prospect* of *glimmering* Thatch, which the nearer we approach'd, the more visibly it appear'd in the Shape of an *House*. It was call'd by way of Irony a *Castle*, whose Governor was a decay'd *Taylor*, who having lost, through an *unfortunate* Hole of his Pockets, his Needles and Thimble, those *Chattels* of his Breeches, and Implements of his Vocation, was reduc'd to Poverty. The Man was *nimble of Foot*, though a *Dwarf* in *Bulk*, so that nine of such might very well club to the *elementing* of a Man. After a small Collation of *Tripe* and *Buttermilk*, we tripp'd up a Ladder to the Apartments of our  
several

several Cabbins, where, with the *Poppies* of Sleep, we refresh'd our Noddles, to the great Comfort and Satisfaction of our wearied Carcasses. After Valediction to Pricklouse, the next Morning we set out with the Sun, and had not went above a Mile or two, but we heard the Rumour of a sad *Disaster* which had lately befallen a Country *Corydon*, which was the Loss of a whole Pound of Candles, supposed to be stolen by some *High-way* Rat at one *Robbery*. The Relations were various as to the Manner of the Theft; some say he carried them away behind him, like a *Burden* of Sticks; others say, that he hung them by his Side like *Bandileers*, but most agree, that he laid them upon his Shoulder one by one, and ran arm'd away with the Luminaries as with so many Musquets. We were somewhat amazed at the Horror of that sad Story, fearing lest we ourselves should be a *Prey* to those bold *Banditti*, who, being pretty *greasy*, seem'd to to be a good handsome *Bait*, and so, being mistaken for *Rats-bane*, might be *pouch'd* by the Vermin: But (Thanks to the Stars) we escaped the Fate of the *Bishop* of *Mentz*, and march'd on upon the *Forehead* of a smooth Mountain, upon the Summity whereof *squotted* another Hill; but it bore no Proportion to the Seat it sat on, being but a *Pimple* to it, as that was but a *Mole-bill* to the whole Globe; it put us in mind of *Pelion* clambering upon the Back of *Offa*, that false *Heraldry* of the Giants, Hill upon Hill, by which Bunches they thought to have scal'd Heaven; the *Crown* of the uppermost was somewhat depressed and sunk into the *Hollowness* of a little Valley, about which stood the natural *Bannisters* of some Thorn-bushes, whose

whose folding Branches weav'd into a *Lettice*, which *threaded* by the Sun-beams *dappled* the Ground with a pleasant *Checquer-work*, and yielded besides a good handsome Shade to the panting Sheep, whose Fleeces discover'd them to have taken Sanctuary here against the *Persecutions* of the violent Heat; for the Cattle feeding within the Covert, and rushing through the Brake, every Briar took *Toll* of their Coats, and *excis'd* their Backs as fast as they fill'd their Bel-lies; on every Sprig there hung a Fragment of their *Liveries*, and the whole Hedge was *cloath'd* with tatter'd Fleeces, as if Wool had been *vegetable*, and had grown there. These *Spoils* were look'd upon as excellent Booty to vagrant Youth, who went about stripping, plundering, and, as it were, *Sheep-shearing* the Hedges: We met a Crew of these *Pickering* Wool-gatherers, the very *Emblems* of Beggary, and but once remov'd from vilest *Rascality*; one Shoe a-piece, and half a Hat, a *Remnant* of a Doublet, and a *Moiety* of a Sleeve, a Pair of *Dis-pocket* Breeches, and a jagged Jump, were the Flower of their Accoutrements, except two or three Locks of Wool tuck'd like Scuts under their Girdles as a *Badge* of their Profession; and some cramm'd Stockings *bobbing* at their Sides as *Trophies* of their Pyracies.

Some few Furlongs from hence there was a *mixt Assembly* of Kine and Goats at Dinner upon the *Lawns*; their Meal was interrupted by the unwelcome Salutes of troublesome Breezes, whose *Stimulation* of Rump did engender such a Frolick, that with *curled* Tail, and toss'd-up Horn, they run gadding and bellowing, and with their vocal Frisking, with a pleasant Kind of Terror,



ror, did at once both *recreate* and affright the astonish'd Beholders: The Magistrate or *Herdsmán*, that kept these Animals, was in the midst of the Tumult, who, finding himself miserably involv'd in a *Hubbub*, with furious Club chastis'd their Gamesomeness, and with mighty bustling becalm'd the Uproar. This Fellow was a strange Creature, wonderfully *Goth'd*, and *all-to-be-vandal'd* even to Barbarity itself. A Clown in Grain! An uncultivated Boar! A Beast of the Herd in human Shape. We propos'd a Query or two about the *Genius* of the Place; he told us the Soil was cold, and big with *Clay*, and would doubtless yield a good *Harvest* of Tobacco-pipes; and as for the People, he said they were a *Pan-pudding* Sort of People, much addicted to that vile Sort of Creature. A whole Table at a Christening is spread with a *Yard* of *Pudding* and a *Balk* of Beef, a *Ridge* of one, and a *Furrow* of the other, which did so wonderfully work upon their Chops, and made their Mouths so water, that two of the chiefest *Grandeés* of the Town, the *Hogherd*, and the *Heyward*, fell seriously to snouting for some few Morfels; the *two-ear'd* Pitcher, that stood upon the Bench, was Mr. *Prinn'd* in the Scuffle, *i. e.* lost a Lug in the Fray; and we were informed afterward, that the *Distaff* lost a Lock or two of its flaxen *Perriwig*.

Among *rational* Wonders, the most remarkable Miracle of this Place was an eminent *Cotquean*, a *meer* Woman in the Habit of a *Man*, a kind of a *Mal-cut-purs'd* Creature, an *Epicæne* Animal of a *twisted* Gender, who hath a *Petticoat* Soul in a *Trunk-Breech'd* Body, and scandalizeth *Virility* by Skill in *Housewifery*. He spins  
(they

(they say) like a Spider, and makes his Wheel giddy by a swift *Vertigo*; we observ'd him to be *stately* in his Gate when he advanceth up to Spindle; and indeed was *retrograde* again with no little *Gravity*. He is a learned *Craftsman* in the making of Diet, a notable *Food-Framer*, who buffets the Cream till he hath *frighted* it into a Consistence, and knock'd it into Butter, and afterward squeezes with Dexterity of Fist. He was endowed with the Gift of tossing of Pancakes, and had a wonderful Knack at tempering the Materials of a Bag-pudding. He surpass'd the Dairy-maids in *Milk-pan* Accomplishments, and was excellently qualified for a Meal-Tub Office. He squeez'd the Curds with *Cheese-press* Bum, and kneads the Dough with Fulch of Elbow. He is a *Critick* at sweeping, and manageth the Beesom with mighty Skill. We could hardly discern any Mote of Dust, he having *dislodged* from Crevis even the smallest Atoms; we were dazzled with the *Sun-Shine* of his radiant *Brass*, which was exceedingly enlightened by *modern* cleansing, he being a singular Scowrer, and very knowing and able at Sand and *Oyster-shell*.

This *Hen-Housewife* Mortal lived a Monkish Kind of Life, being cloister'd up in a desolate Habitation of a certain Gentleman, who, we suppose, does see him to dwell there to affright the Mice, and to be a *Bull-beggar* to the Rats; and also to terrify a worse Kind of *Vermin* which we call *Thieves*, who are apt to creep through the *Mouse-hole* of a Window, and to nibble away the Furniture of a dispossessed House: or possibly he might abide there to repair its Breaches, and to recover it from its Craziness, and

to come by through a Gap near at hand, mounted upon just such another *Morsel*, ripe for Collar-maker, which, being surpriz'd with the Spectacle of his Brother *Carrion*, took an Occasion to start, and to disburden himself of his Load; which sad Misfortune prov'd a lucky Accident to the Dogs, whereby they were furnish'd with *Bread* to their Meat.

Not far from hence was a scurvy Slough, most fatal, as is observ'd, to Millers, whom it sups up into the *Abyss* of its Profundity; we saw one moving *a-tit-up, a-tit-up*, till he flounc'd in, and, by a most disastrous *Pitch-pole* into Mud and Dirt, discolour'd his Coat, that was candied with the *Effluvioms* of his mealy Bags. The *Necklace* of Bells about the Crest of his Beast ceas'd to be sonorous, being quite choak'd. His Meal, through Fright and Moisture, was metamorphos'd into Pudding; and spunging up the Liquor, it grew so heavy, that it *thriv'd* into such Unweildiness, as that it was almost unmoveable: We cautiously wav'd the Danger of this Dirt by diverting a little toward the Northern Parts of this Quagmire, and so in a dainty fine Path, and that not meanly beautified with Variety of Flowers, we continued our Journey very prosperously, only one of our Company had a most calamitous Fall over an unhappy Clod of the *first Magnitude*, which, undermining his Pedestals, gave him a preposterous *Squob*, his Head saluting the Ground first, to the great Detriment of the *outward Man*. There run parallel with this Path a pitch'd Causey (as we suppos'd) about ten Furlongs, we stepp'd into it, and follow'd its



Track till it brought us into the Defart of a Common; not so much as accommodated with Horfe, Tree, House, or Man, so that here we felt the Rigour of somewhat call'd Hardship, the Stomach barking, the Hoof galling, the Winds whistling, and the Heavens dropping; all these conspir'd to make us miserable. At last arriving to the Borders of the Wilderness, we were courteously receiv'd into an hospitable Hamlet, where we enjoy'd the Blessing of an indifferent Refreshment. We took up our Quarters here that Night, and pass'd away the Evening in some pertinent Queries about Observables in the Place. They presented us with a *pretty Curiosity* which seldom occurs, and that was the Copy of a Brief, containing the Losses of a distressed Virgin, which, because the Form and Stile is somewhat unusual, we care not much if we here insert.



## *The Copy of a BRIEF.*

To all Ladies, Gentlewomen; whether Maids, Wives or Widows, or others of that softer Sex, of what State and Condition soever; whether Waiting-women, Sempstresses, Spinsters, Bawds, Punks, Doxies, and all other Petticoaters, from those who through *Wantonness* have naked *Backs*, to those who through *Want* have naked *Bums*, Greeting.

**W**Hereas we are credibly inform'd by our trusty and well-beloved Roger Thwickwack, of B. in the County of Salop, Jumper, and Arthur Twitchbox, Smoaker, Cadwallader Whipwhop, Wrestler, Anthony Snug, Fidler, Giles Firker, Bum-brusher, and several others of the like laudable Professions, That our beloved Subject, Mrs. A. C. of the Town and Country aforesaid, Damsel, hath lately sustain'd a great Loss by a most lamentable Misfortune, which on the Fifth of this Instant most miserably befell her after this Manner following:

There was a certain Glass-case of a Gad-fly Colour, i. e. a little inclining to a Calf-dung Yellow, and somewhat of a dwarfish Size, not much exceeding the Stature of a Cricket; it was supported by the Strength of a double Thong, at the North-west Point of her Chamber, where, for some Time, it had continued in a pendulous Posture, and had arriv'd to a great Repute of Civility and Meek-

ness, whereby it did much exceed, and frequently put to the Blush the other Utenfils of her Chamber.

Now this poor Thing, by reason of the Rudeness of two lusty Pusses, whether affrighted at their Caterwawling, or it being not able to bear them in the Acts of Love, we cannot tell, but certain it is, it let go its Hold, and after a dismal Manner came blundering down, attended with the Ruin and Desolation of several Jiggumbobs and Jimcracks, to the great Loss and Detriment of our poor distressed Subject.—The Particulars whereof are as follow:

1. *The Ivory Gums of a Toothless Comb.*
2. *A little Bottle-breech'd Glass, replenish'd with Love-Powder.*
3. *A Brace of blind Needles that lost their Eyes in the Tumble.*
4. *A Double Scut of an Hare tied up with a single Pack-thread.*
5. *The Latter End of an old Broomstaff.*
6. *The Butt End of an old Sugar-loaf.*
7. *The True-Lovers Knot made in Wire.*
8. *A square Bit of Tin.*
9. *The Margin of a broad Hat.*
10. *One Finger-stall.*
11. *Two Tags.*
12. *A crack'd Glass with a Club Foot.*
13. *The Skin of an Onion stuffed with Arsenick.*
14. *One Whisker of a Bearded Arrow.—*

*The Loss of which Tackle and Implements amounting to a Sum of great Value, we do send our Letters Patents to beg the charitable Benevolence of all well-dispos'd Persons, hoping that they will be pleas'd to take the deplorable Condition of our unhappy Subject into their serious Consideration:—*  
*For is it not a sad Thing to lose so commodious a*  
*Place*



Place to lay pretty Things in, and all by the Misdemeanour of two unmannerly Cats? For where will this our Subject lay her Gally-pots and Syrups, her Gums and Pomatum? Had these Mount-hunters only eas'd Nature there, and then gingerly departed, they had been very excusable; but first to come slyly into a Lady's Chamber, and then to squabble and fall out there, and, in the Midst of their Quarrel, to pursue one another to the Top of a Shelf, and there to renew the Battle again, and to box one another till themselves did fall, and to demolish that very thing which supported them in their Bickering; as the Fool, in the Fable, saw'd off the Bough he sat on. Oh! this is a sad thing.

Another Living Observable, we met with here, was the Fragment of a Physician, whose Pretences to Learning were very great, but by Converse we found him to have more Stomach than Brains, and therefore was like to have more Consolation in a Kitchen than in a Study; for there, perhaps, he may find a Jobb of Work for his Grinders; whereas he knows not what to do with his Books, unless he should eat the Moth, and eat them. One of our Company perceived his Parts to lie more towards the Powdering-tub, than his Pharmacopeia; for whilst he is busy in the former, he may keep himself alive, but when he reads in the latter he kills his Patients. We had some Roast-beef to Supper, and we commonly found him within an Inch of the Dripping-pat, with an Acre of Bread in his Hand, which he call'd a Sop, with which, when our Backs were turn'd, he usually spung'd up the Dripping, and cheated Sir-Loin, and robb'd its Knighthood of its due Moisture. A Scholar of our Company per-

ceived him to be well read in Papers that skreen the Back of a Limb of Roast, and that he found a great deal of Matter in the Socks that are on the Soals of Minc'd-Pies.

After a Day's Journey from hence, we set our Feet upon *Welsh Turf*, and indeed were strangely surpris'd at the *Uncouthness* of many Things that did salute us here.

The Country is *tuck'd* in on all Sides with the Sea, except on the East, on which Part it was *ditch'd* in from England by that notable *Delver* King *Offa*, King of the *Mercians*: Over this Dike if any *Welshman* chance to skip with his Sword by his Side, by King *Harold's* Law, he was to lose a *Branch* of his Body, *i. e.* his Right Arm was lopped off by the King's Officers.

Some think it had its Name from its God-Father *Idwallo*, Son to *Cadwallader*, who, with a small Crew of *Britons*, at the Arrival of the *Saxons*, hid themselves in this Corner. Others suppose them to be the *Spawn* of the *Gauls*, from whom they seem to be but a few *Aps* remov'd; *Ap Galloys Ap Gauls. Ap Wallois Ap Wales.*

As for the *Inhabitants*, they are a pretty Sort of Creatures, which, when we saw, we were so far from *stroaking* them with the *Palms* of Love, that we were almost ready to *buffet* them with the *Fist* of Indignation. They are a *rude* People, and want much *Instruction*. For, when we consider the *Soil* from whence they *sprang*, and the *Desarts* and Mountains wherein they *wander*, we cannot but think that greater Pains should be taken in cultivating and manuring, in disciplining and taming them, in regard it is  
harder

harder for a *Bearward* to teach Civility to the *Beasts* of *Africa*, than to those that come from a more *mannerly* Country :—We do not say, when they are in their Country, they do (like Bears and Foxes) live in Woods and Forests (for, I presume, they have more *Sun* than *Shade*, and so more *Fire* than *Wood*) but if we agree with *Geographers*, and are of an Opinion that they are Inhabitants of a *Wilderness*, and are *Landlords* of a Common, as I and every body else are Owners of the Air, we must beg their Pardon for our Conceit. We have been informed, that they were dug from a *Quarry*, and that they dwell in a *stony* Land ; so that if we compare this Kingdom to a *Man* (as some do *Italy* to a Man's *Leg*) they inhabit the very *Testicles* of the Nation. And I pray what are those but the vilest of Creatures that breed as well in the *Privities* of the *greater British* World, as those that are hatched in the *Pudenda* of the lesser ? But whether *Welshmen* are the *Aborigines* of their Country, as Crab-Lice are the *Autochthones* of theirs, and proceed only, like them, from the *Excrements* of their Soil, we shall not here dispute. They are of a *boorish* Behaviour, of a *savage* Physiognomy ; the *Shabbiness* of their Bodies, and the *Barbaricalness* of their Souls, and that, which cannot any otherwise be express'd, the *Welshness* of both, will fright a Man as fast from them, as the *Oddness* of their Persons invites one to behold them. Some of them are such *rude* and *indigested* Lumps, so far from being *Men*, that they can scarce be advanced into *living* Creatures ; nay, they are such unmanageable *Materials* that they can scarce be hewn into the Shape of *Blocks* ;  
much



much Labour and Art is required therefore to make them *Statues*.

They are not much given to *Fighting*, as by a Speech it appears that was utter'd by her nown Countryman, who, when drawn out upon some Design, began to *pur* and murmur after this Manner :

“ Hur hath worn out hur Freez *Preeches*,  
 “ and all hur Cloaths; and now hur can get  
 “ no Money to keep hur, or to buy hur some  
 “ *Cows-baby*, and hur could hear nothing but  
 “ *Marsh, Marsh!* and Drums beat, hur was  
 “ therefore, once for all, now resolv'd to fight  
 “ no longer, but to go into hur nown Coun-  
 “ try.”——They are much inclined to *Choler*;  
 for her *Welsh* Plood is soon mov'd, and then hur  
*stamp* and *stare*, and scrat hur Pole, and vent hur  
 Fury in *nds-plutter-a-nails*, and will fight for  
 hur Life in Battle at Fifty-cuffs.

The whole Nation (like a *German* Family) is of one *Quality*; for as every Lord's Son is a *Lord here*, so every one is crown'd with the Title of *Gentlemen there*; so that hur Country is a good *Pasture* for an *Herald* to bite in, who can't chuse but grow *fat* among such worshipfull *Genealogies*. We were much surprized at the Thoughts of their Rank, and did not suspect so much Gentility among such a People; when we saw so many *Coats* without *Arms*, we could not imagine they had any with *them*, but fancy'd they had more Need of a *Taylor* than of *Clarentius*, and of a *Pricklouse* to stitch up and compose their *Breeches*, rather than an *Herald* to blazon their *Families*. They appeared to us to be very ill accoutered Gentry: But however Vileness of *Equipage* is no Blot in *Scutcheon*;

as may be easily made out from this following Narrative: When King *James* commanded all that were *Gentlemen* in an Army to pass by him, he, observing a *Rag-a-muffin* to hobble in the Rear of the Train, commanded him to be stopped, because he looked not like a Gentleman; but *Taphy* cry'd out that hur was as good a *Shentleman* as the best, only hur Cattle was not so good. In their *Travels* they care not much that their Horses should drink with a *Toast*; as appears by the Wrath which *Sbenkin* discover'd, whom his quaffing Beast had *pitch-pol'd* into a River. *Uds-plutter-a-nails* (quoth he) in a great Fury, what, cannot hur drink without a *Toast*? He took it much in Dudgeon, that the Jade should be so *bold* as to make a *Sop* of his Master.

They do not always observe the Rules of *Justice* in their Punishment; oftentimes chastising one Body for another, and so *misplace* their Rigour on the undeserving; as will be very evident from this following Instance: A certain *Taylor* ferrying over a River in their Country with a *diminutive* Nag; the Steed never using to travel by Water, and wondering that he *stood* still and *mov'd*, was possess'd with Fear, and made some *Disturbance* in the Boat, to the great endangering of the Passengers: The *Welshman*, being in Jeopardy, was *fir'd* with Anger, and without any Wings he *flew* on the Taylor, and revenged the Injury of the *Palsfrey* on poor Prick-Louse. The *Stitcher* swaddled the *scrupling* Horse, and *Taphy* beat the *Stitcher*, to the great *Diversion* and *Grief* of the Spectators.

The *Materials* of his Apparel are usually a well shagged *Freez*, so that we cannot call it *sleepy*, being fleec'd with a *Nap* like any Sheep-Skin;

Skin: It affords excellent *Harbour* to the Vermin of his Body, which, whether it be stock'd with store of *Joicements* of them, he commonly signifies by the *Symbol* of a Shrug.

His *Fashion* is generally a pair of *oblong* Trowzes made of a Brace of Cloak-bags, suppos'd to be Twins; these tack'd together are a perfect *Emblem* of his *crural* Attire. This Garment had *conjugal* Affinity to a thing call'd a Doublet of the same Lineage; a copious Vestment, very roomthy and capacious, able to comprehend both his Arms in the single Pudding-bag of one Sleeve; its uppermost *Confines* were hemm'd with the scanty *Dimensions* of a contracted Collar, but its lower *Extremity* was bordered with the *Paraphrase* of amplified Lappets. The *Summity* of his Head is commonly *Crown'd* with a *Monmouth* Cap, and its *Crown* is commonly *pinnacled* with the *Battlement* of a Button. Cuffs are an *Innovation*, things which their Ancestors were seldom guilty of; and indeed *Bands* and clean Linnen are an *upstart* Invention; being the modern Effects of Pride of their huge ones, whereas *Primitive Britishment* was never acquainted with the *Habiliment* of a *Sbirt*. Their Feet, it seems, are of an hot Complexion, for they often air their *distockin'd* Pettitoes; and if they had any *Hosen* they were the *Offspring* of their Drawers, to which they were fasten'd by *Leathern Ligaments*. The *Perfection* of a *Welshman's* Equipage, the *Cream* (as it were) of his Accoutrements, and that which compleats even his most *Festival* Attire, is (as the Story goes) an old Sword of hur nown Breeding, which hur hath brought up from a Tagger: And  
this



this he can brandish with much Valour against the tremendous On-set of *Dragooning* Bees; a kind of Enemy which the *Taphy* is much afraid of, in regard he is always arm'd with a Pike in's Rear, which once upon a time, being fasten'd in his Fore-head, *broach'd* such a Pore in his *Physiognomy*, that he could never endure those *hum-buzzing* Shentlemen (as he calls them) in yellow Doublets.

The Country is mountainous, and yields pretty handsome *Clambering* for Goats, and hath Variety of Precipice to *break* one's Neck; which a Man may sooner do than *fill* his Belly, the Soil being barren, and an excellent Place to breed a Famine in. It is reported of *Campania*, that it was the most noble Region in the World, the Air *pleasant*, the Soil *fertile*, the *Theater* of *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, where they were at *Fifty-cuffs* for the Preheminence; but we perceiv'd no such *Scuffle* in *Wales*; for those Deities are so far from *fighting* there, that we could not discern that they were so much as *ever* there; there being scarce Water and Oatmeal to give us *Being*, we could not expect *Ægypt* and the *Canaries*, Butts and Granaries to give us a *Well-being*: There is no *Canaan* to be found in the Arms of a *Desart*.

The *Commodities* of the Nation are chiefly Woolen-cloaths, as Cottons, Bays, &c. of which their tatter'd Backs are an ill Sign of; for sure they are not so silly to furnish *other* Countries with Raiment, and to go naked *themselves*.

As for the *Diet* of the *Briton*, it is not very delicate, neither is he curious in it; for  
if

if he should, his *Appetite* perhaps might curse his *Nicety*, and by pleasing his *Palate* he may starve his *Belly*. A good Mess of *Flummery*, a pair of Eggs he rejoices at as a Feast, especially if he may close his Stomach with *toasted Cheese*; a Morfel for which he hath a great Kindness. You may see him pictur'd sometimes with that *Crevis* in his Head, call'd a Mouth, charg'd at both Corners with a *Crescent* of Cheese, and himself a *cock-horse* on a Red-Herring, and his Hat adorned with a *Plume* of Leeks: Good edible *Equipage*! which, when Hunger pinches, he makes bold to nibble; he first eats his Cheese and his Leeks together, and for second Course he devours his Horse. He never much car'd for a *Sop*, since once upon a time it *drank* up all his Drink, and would not *club* to pay his Shot.

As for his *Person*, his Stature is of the lowest Size, not above a Stair or two above one Story; and we found always a Cock-loft, and that usually empty. His Face usually bubbles into Tumours and Pustles. Besides the natural *Haut-goust* of Body that breathes from Grain, he usually sends forth an *artificial Smell*, which you may wind as far as the Extreme *Unction* of twenty Funerals, only the *Scent* is not so sweet: He smells as rankly of the *single Stink* of Brimstone, as a Gold-finder of a *Meddy*; for a scurvy Disease, commonly call'd the *Scrubado*, makes frequently an *Inroad* into his Person, and invades his Body; so that he is forc'd to choak his Enemy by Stink of Sulphur. 'Tis a *creeping Distemper*, whose Progress is check'd by Mortification, so that when he *leaves off* his Shirt, that is, when it *leaves* him, and can

can hang on no longer, it is excellent Furniture for Tinder-box, as *virtually* containing in it both Match and Tinder.

The *Musick*, he plays upon, is a Tool stil'd an *Harp*, that is, a *Triangular* Stick *bed-corded* with variety of extended Catlings; which he *tickles* with as much *Dexterity*, as if Prentice to *Amphion*, and draws as many *Boys* after him, as he did *Stones*; nay, *these* we have seen in some Places to trot after him; but not so much to *admire*, as to *pelt* him for his Harmony. He puts his Instrument to one Use more than the Ancients did theirs, *i. e.* he *purveys* with it for Maintenance; so that when Sustenance fails him, he *strikes* up for a Morsel, and so lives by *Sounds*, and (Camæleon like) hath *Alimony* from *Air*. He *serenades* *Victuals* in every Village, as the *Pide-piper* did *Rats* at *Hamel*, and he allures *Luncheons* after him, as much as the other did *Vermin*: Here a Knob of *Bacon* wags after him, for one Strain, and there a *Crust* follows him as the Reward of another; one *bites* him in the Mouth with a Payment of *Pottage*, another *pops* him in the Pocket with the *Gratuity* of a *Carrot*; he is laden sometimes with such Plenty of *Beverage*, that he can't jog for his Fraught; all which variety of *Fragments* is the most ample *Income*, and wonderful *Revenue* of his Skill in *Musick*. His usual Admirers are Country Milk-maids, whom Vibration of String doth move and stir into Jig and Measure; and whom Breeze of *Instrument* (like those in *Tail*) do chafe and tickle into Dance and Caper: By the *wagging* of his Noddle, and the *wriggling* of his Limbs, he seems to be taken with the *Accents*, or else  
to



to be bitten with the *Tarantula* of his own Musick, which hath *infected* him into a Galliard, and caus'd him to fig about with a Frolick Motion.

We could not perceive that they were guilty of much *Learning*, of which the *lowest* Degree is several *Notches* above their most exalted Capacity. We met with one pretty *Proband* in the Alphabet; but for the most part the Knowledge of the least *Iota* is rare and unusual. A Man skill'd in *Orthography* is admir'd as a *Sophy*, and a Writer of his Name is term'd a *Rabbi*. The *Top-gallant* of the Parish possibly may be so wise in *Hieroglyphick*, as to scrawl the Character of a *Mystick* Mark; tho' such deep Literature is not frequent amongst them. Some of their Ancestry have *smelt* rank of Astrology; one whereof, *Merlin* by Name, was very *notable* at the Stars, and most *intimate* with the Planets; insomuch that sometimes he would *fling* at a Futurity, and venture at a *Prognostick* concerning the Weather. 'Tis suppos'd he was bred up at the Feet of some *She-Gamaliel*, being so well vers'd in the Prophecies of old Womens *Corns*, and who could as cleverly foretel Rain, as the learned *Almanack* of the most Weather-wise *Toe*— The Study of *Wizardism* hath also been famous amongst them; one Goodman *Druis* was well accomplish'd in that Kind of Learning; hence formerly a *Wizard* was stil'd a *Drue*. This Fellow (they tell us) was the *School-master* of *Pythagoras*, into whose *Breech*, 'tis said, he infus'd by Birch the Opinion of *Transmigration*. He was *dextrous* at a Fortune, and *Old-Dog* at Augury; the only thing, we dislike in him, is, he sacrificed Men, and so divin'd by *Butchery*. To

To the *Wisdom* and *Philosophy* of this *Sophy*, his little Boy *Bardus* added *Poetry*; a Lad, it seems, notably inspir'd with *Flames* and *Fire-brands*, with *Heats* and *Raptures*, and such Kind of *Tackle* that are us'd by Poets. The Disciples of this *Laureat* were term'd *Bards*, the great *Embalmers* of heroick Actions; who, I warrant you, will wrap up an Atchievement so securely in a *Monument* of a single Verse, that all the Nibblings in the World shall never be able to devour the *Immortality* of a Name. They *ballad-sung* the Praises of renowned Heroes, and in lofty Strains *wire-draw'd* their Fame, and *stretch'd* their Glory to after Ages. They were in huge *Esteem*, and had the *Cap* and *Knee* of the greatest Commanders, insomuch that if two Armies were even at *Cuffs*, or at *Cudgels*, and a venerable *Bard* had stepp'd in but with one *Foot* of his Poetry, they would have held their *Hands*, and have thrown down their *Hilts*, and have hearken'd to the Advice of his learned *Dactyles*, and not offer to snout it till his *Poetical* Worship had been out of Danger. The most famous of these *Metre-mongers* were *Robin Plenidius*, my Gaffer *Glaskiron*, and of late Years old Farmer *Davy*, and our Neighbour *David ap Williams*.

The *Champions* of the Country, Men of celebrated Prowess, were Mr. *Cassibellane* and Sir *Nennius*, Knight, the former whereof was so *doubty* a Blade, that 'tis said he confronted *Cæsar*, and bid him kiss his Back-side with undaunted *Gallantry*; the other, grappling with the same Emperor, did *diswobiniard* his Hand by main Strength, and sent the Man home laden with some Stripes, and with a *naked* Belt. A

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notable

notable Instance of *Welsh* Valour! To these we may add that *Hector* of *Britain*, the renowned *Arviragus*, who was so great a *Raw head* and *Bloody-bones* to the *Roman* Soldiery, that 'tis thought he frighted them even to the *bewraving* of their *Breeches*, and made them mightily *sink* of a *filthy* Discomfiture.

As for the *Loves* of *Britons*, the *Intrigues* of their *Amours* are not a little remarkable; they being very pretty *Animals* when *disguis'd* with that *Passion*: They are *Tinder* to such *Flames*, being quickly set on *Fire*, even by the least *Spark*, which, when it hath caught the *Match* of their *Souls* (for they have *Brimstone* in them as well as in their *Bodies*) they are presently kindled into *Transport* and *Extasy*; and these model them into the *Shapes* of a thousand *Anticks*, and make them shew more *Tricks* than *Banks's* Horse. Sometimes they are shaking the *Globules* of their *Noddle*, and sometimes dancing some *Geometry* with the *Figures* of their *Feet*; now they smite with *Clapper* of *Fist* their troubled *Breasts*, and anon found out some *Knells* of dismal *Groans*, being variously affected according as the *Weather* is in their *Clorinda's* *Faces*; if *Aspect* be clear, then is *Taphy* serene; if *Brow* be cloudy, then is *Morgan* show'ry. He commonly o'er-flows in his *Prattle* about the *Princum* *Prancumness* of his *Mistress*, and is witty even to a *Jest* on the *Fineries* of their *Habiliments*, in describing of which he is pretty lucky at *Similitudes*, and is happy in his *Comparisons* about her *Person*. One, having a *Glympse* thro' the *Key-hole* of her *Saffron* *Body*, burst out into a *Panegyrick* of the *Bees-waxness*, as he phras'd it, of her *tawny* *Complexion*; and seeing her



her *Tippet* to bristle into the Erectness of a *Turban*, he fell a laughing at the *Coxcomb*, as he term'd it, of her *Coif* and *Hed-gear*. He seldom troubles his *Madam* with the Salutation of a *Letter*, but usually accosts her with the *Missive*, as I may say, of his nown *Person*, which being broken up in her *Presence*, out fly the Contents full of *Flame* and *Rapture*.

*Shentle Modest! when hur see,  
The fair Looks her made at me,  
Hur could not choose by what's above,  
But be entangled by her Love.  
Hur was not think it fit and meet,  
To wrap hur Love within a Sheet;  
But was think it great deal better,  
To speak her Louse, than write a Letter;  
Hoping her not Exception take  
At hur for hur COUNTRY'S Sake.  
What if her Welshman be? What then?  
Taffies was all Shentlemen;  
Born from Venus that fair Coddels,  
And many other Shentle Bodies;  
Part humane and part disine,  
We are descended from Jove's Line.  
All this Truth her dare not mince,  
Being the Issue of a British Prince.  
If should with Shenkin drink some Wine,  
Her would not think her Fortune fine,  
And hur would tell such Tale in Ear,  
That all the World was never hear.  
Then shentle modest let hur prove,  
Honest Shenkin will hur love;  
Though her was very filibby fit,  
That drives poor Welshmen out of Wit;  
And if hur will not pity hur Pain,  
Hur will never louse again.*

We heard of one that went a wooing with a *Gun* upon his Shoulder, being resolved, it seems, if Love be a *Warfare*, not to enter unarm'd into the *Camp* of *Venus*; still as his coy *Daphne* shifted from his Presence, he march'd *musqueteeing* about the Room, and most fiercely pursued her, till at last, in the brisk Encounter of a close Embrace, this warlike Instrument took an Occasion somewhat unmannerly to go off, and *blunderbuss'd* the Mistress on her *Breech*, on one Side of the House, and poor Taphy on his *Nose* on the other; so that, being much dismayed at this unhappy Accident, one scrabbled one Way, and the other another, to the total Separation of a Pair of Lovers, and to the utter Spilling of a *Mess* of Love.

They are pretty devout in their Worship, though the Exercise of *Religion* is somewhat scarce, and have a pretty *glowing* Zeal, though their Churches are *few*, and at a great *Distance*. 'Tis almost incredible how far they are fain to trudge for a little *Homily*, which when they have expected, have been *mump'd* with a *Sermon* ten times worse; for on such *Raw-bone* Livings there cannot be expected very *plump* Parts. The ordinary Revenue of a Spiritual Preferment may possibly be about *five Marks per Annum*; a Bay of Watling for a Dwelling, endow'd with no more Glebe than just what it stands upon, only perhaps it may be *bowe-stall'd* with as much Ground as may hold a *Sty* for the Pig, and a *Roost* for the Pullen. These Divine Cottages are usually situated some Leagues from the Temple; so that the Holy-Man with Crab-tree Truncheon sets out with the Sun, and stretcheth his *Legs* with a good handsome Walk, before he arrives

arrives to *Pulpit* to stretch his *Lungs*, and wears out much of his *Soals* before he can reach his *Stall* to mend their *Souls*. Their Houses of Prayer are generally *thatched Tabernacles*, which being steepled, as it were, with a *Lover-hole*, seem to be really that what the *Temple* resembled when prophaned by the *Jews*, I mean, rather the Pictures of *Pidgeon-houses*, than holy *Sanctuaries*. They are wainscoted towards the East with little Desks, like Pounds, where Levite, imprison'd for about half an Hour, *fodders* the poor Taphies with some melancholy *Tear-fetching* Story about a grim Fellow called *Death*, who *ambles* Folks on his Back into another World; a Thing which he heard from the *oracular* Gums of his *edentulous* old Grannum, as she sat in the Settle in the Chimney-corner. Some of the most Reverend Rectors are dignified with a Stipend of *six Pounds* a Year, besides the *Perquisites* of a Drum and Fiddle; which, well managed on a Holy-day, make up a very pretty Thing. Others have an *Augmentation* of a Bull or a Bear, which, being solemnly baited about twice in a Quarter, do pick pretty comfortable *Tythe* from the Spectators Pockets, and make the poor Parson's Purse to smile and *mantle*.

Their *Recreations* are various, but not much different from those in *England*; you may see them sometimes finite a *Ball* at the Rebound, and to send it on an Errand to their Antagonists, which, being retorted by Way of Answer, is *rejoindered* back again with much *Dexterity*. They will bandy to and fro this *missile Globule*, and *shuttle-cock* it to each other with great *Celerity*. Their Lungs are pretty good at a Bub-



ble in the Air, which *Meteor*, arising from the Womb of a Walnut-shell, they will make *fly* through the *Welkin* on the *Wings* of their Breaths, and for a considerable Time, by the Blasts of their Mouths, will support the Being of those *Emblems* of Mortality.

In the *whity-brown* Evening, or in the *Twilight*, they run hobbling about their Common with *Kites* at their Heels, certain Comets of Paper, which they tow along with a tall String, and make themselves merry with the Length of their Tails, which are a large *Series* of jagged Tossels, tagg'd with a Candle, as with the Twinkling of a Star. Happy is the Man among them that can most discreetly manage this artificial Planet; and he is presently dubb'd the very *Phaeton* of their Country, that can most swiftly career it with this little *lanthorn'd* Phœbus. The *Scrubs* want Candle on *Earth*, and yet they must needs be sticking up *Lights* in the Socket of *Heaven*; there is scarce half a Pound in a Lordship either to scare away Darkness or to *work by*, and yet these Rascals, forsooth, will be *studding* the Sky with *Luminaries* to *play by*.—As for true and real *Hunting*, there is no such Thing among them; only they have, as it were, the *Picture* and some Kind of *Resemblance* of that Pastime; for, their Principality affording them but few Hares, they course a *Lock of Hay* in lieu thereof, and alloo the *Puffs* of a good nimble Wisp. The *Whim* of it is this; when they have a Mind to refresh themselves with somewhat that is a-kin to, or with an *Idea* of Hunting, they make diligent Search for a Furlong or two of smooth and champion Ground, which, at last  
being

being found, they purchase a Bundle of the swiftest Hay (if *Irish*, it is the better, for there are the best Runners of all Sorts) this they expose to the Fans of *Æolus*, which being presently started by Force of Puff, it scuds away, and the Dogs pursue it with mighty Speed. In rainy Weather, they have also their *In-door* Divertisements as well as other Nations, such as *Rump-pressing*, *Hot-cockles*, *Chap-smutting*, *Snap-apple*, and the like. Some are cunning at the *Cockall*, not so much for *picking off* the Meat (though they are good at that too) as at *throwing* it with Accuracy, and *chequering* the Sport with *Variety* of Tumble.

As far as we could perceive, they love *Holy-day* Fingers, and care not much for encumbering them with that *Inconvenience* called *Work*. They can, Shepherd like, loll upon a Crook pretty handsomely in the Field, and can discharge a *Superintendency* over the Goats. They are most accomplish'd *Drovers*, to which laudable Function they are so naturally prone, that they are apt to *drive* sometimes *more* than their own.

They are much addicted to the Sin of *Nastiness*, wallowing in Filthiness like so many Swine; so that the whole Province seems to be but a general *Sty*. You may swear they are made of *Earth* without a Metaphor; appearing like so many *Dirt-Images*, or like that of *Prometheus*, made of *Clay*. The meaner Sort of Women are generally such *Draggle-Tails*, that the Cattle in their Bosoms are *quag-mir'd* in the Filth of their *well-gleb'd* Attire; so that the *Irisking* Fleas are so far from *Levalto's*,

that we are verily persuaded they can scarce pull out *Proboscis*, and their Feet from the Bogs.

The *Tenements*, they live in, are suitable to the *Guests* that possess them; for as these seem to be *Dirt* moulded into *Men*, so those are the same Matter kneaded into *Houses*; they are usually very *humble* Cottages, and low in *Stature*, so that a Man may ride upon the *Ridge*, and yet have his Legs hang in the *Dirt*; those, that are so magnificent as to be *crested* with a Chimney, are mightily valued, as most *cocking* *Fabricks*. We were not so vain as to expect very splendid Furniture in such contemptible *Huts*; but we soon perceived what *Utenfils* were most necessary; a Dish-clout and a Bee-som, and such cleansing *Implements* are very proper to correct the Filthiness of their Mansions; we found no *Apartments* in these their Habitations, every Edifice being a *Noah's Ark*, where a *promiscuous* Family, a *miscellaneous* Heap of all Kind of Creatures did converse together in one Room; the Pigs and the Pullen and other Brutes either truckling under, or lying at the Bed's-feet of the little more *refin'd*, yet their *Brother* Animals. The Country is fortified in some Places with a pretty *Sprinkling* of Castles, which whether they naturally *grew* out of the Rocks, or were artificially *ingrafted* there, may be a Matter of Dispute; some fancy'd them to be *Stone-pits* shot up into the Air, which represent the Figure of vast Buildings.

*Wales* is the most monstrous *Limb* in the whole *Body* of Geography, for it is generally reported to be without a *Middle*, or, if it hath a *Navel*, it is yet a *Terra Incognita*; for we never could find that ever any Man dwell'd there, the *Natives*



rives confessing themselves to be only *Borderers*. Surely the Reason why they do so much affect the *Circumference* of their Country, and abominate the *Center*, is, because they are ashamed of the Dominion; and indeed it is a Sign they have but a little Kindness for their Nation, who, like unnatural Sons, run from their Mother their Country, and when out of her Embraces never return again. A *Welshman*, when once abroad, hath no more Tendency *Home*, than a Stone an Inclination to fall upward: He will trot over the Globe, and rather endure the Infliction of any Exile, than the cruel Punishment of being *bannish'd* Home; if he is once on this Side *Dee*, neither *Hunger* nor *Husks*, nor any kind of Hardship shall drive him on the other.

We could not, in our Travels, wind very many *Feasts* among them, the Shabbiness of their Soil being not able to nourish and pamper Luxury, so that a Cook unless he exercise on himself, and dress his own Fingers, is immediately starved here for Want of Employment. They make some little Invitations perhaps to a *Kid's-head* or so; and will junket with *Hop-tops* with brisk Alacrity. Such plain mean, and as I may say, *Burrough* Food was even their *festival* Entertainments; but as for any *embroider'd*, and, as it were, *metropolitan* Mefs, such as Bisks and Oglio's, we never so much as heard of them in their Territories.

Their Mart for Law is a Parish Town call'd *Ludlow*, where there is a Court of Judicature, *deck'd* with a Judge, Counsellors, Attornies, Solliciters, and other *Furniture* which *embellish* the Law: Hither they trudge for Decision of Case, and here *Red-coat Integrity* dispenses *Equity*.  
Most

Most of their Indictments are generally the tragical Effects of some dismal *Counter-scuffle*, where a bloody *Nose* and a broken *Skin* is ample Matter for the Commencement of a *Suit*; for, they being of a fiery Temper, sometimes Choler is kindled by an *Antiperistasis* with a Pot of Ale; and then they fall to biting and scratching as hard as they can drive, and the Wounds of this *Caterwauling* and *Bickering* afford Stuff for an Action the next Day; which, being once got into the *Pounces* of a *Welsh* Attorney, is *dandled* into a Business of no small Aggravation. Oh! how these *Pertifoggers* will *bug* a *Buffering*, and improve a *Squobble*! They are the very *Bellows* of Contention, and will soon blow a *Spark* into a great *Combustion*. They are a Kind of *Tinkers* in the Law, who usually *make* Holes on Purpose that they may *mend* them; nay, sometimes they will play at *Loggerhead* themselves to set others together by the *Ears*, and so (as if Fighting was contagious) will *infect* the *Taphies* into Quarrels and Blows. One marching along the Streets advanced the *Scolding* of two Women into an huge *Tumult*, as Duels swell into great Wars; and made the *Snarling* of two Dogs *thrive* into an Action, and the Fighting of *Mastiffs* to end in the Court of *Common-Pleas*. They commonly broach Quarrels, and incense the *Shentlemen* into Knockings and Smitings, cracked Crowns, and black Eyes, into Assaults and Batteries, and all for Hopes of a Livelihood that may be *skimmed* from the Benefit of such Wars: But perhaps the *Spoils* from the Skirmishes of such *Clients* are as rare as *Pillage* from a *Scotch* Army. The usual Crime, for which they stand generally convicted,

is that great Transgression and *Sin* of *Mice*, the nimming of Cheese, and the filching of Oatmeal, and of the rest of the good Creatures that are *arked* in the Cupboard; and as they *offend like* Vermin, so are ordinarily *taken* so too, that is, not *apprehended* like Men, but *entrapped* like Rats; after which they are convened before the sage *Puss* of the Law, which, purring upon a Tribunal together with his *Kitling* Officers, doth fasten on the Prey, and doth so suck and claw it, till it hath mumbled out all its *Blood*, that is, all the *Money* of its Veins, and then wholly devours it. This, I say, is *one* of their Offences, though not the *only* one; for some of them have been lash'd for an Attempt upon *Hen-Roosts*, and have received condign Punishment, even for stealing of Poultry at the *wrong End*; for *Taphy*, it seems, having filched a Chicken by the Breech, did *disrump* her by his Theft; and therefore, in Resemblance to his Crime, was almost *disrump'd* by Punishment; so that, for stealing the *Bird's Tail*, he had well-nigh lost his *own*: A pretty Circumstance observed in their Justice! and a laudable Way of proceeding according to *Lex Talionis*.

For several Crimes they have various Punishments. That grand Enormity of *Breaking-wind* is chastised there as it is in *England*, that is, the Hand of Magistracy doth usually inflict a pretty lusty *Cobbling*, that is, for every Report the Loss of an Hair, though some that have been much addicted to that Infirmary, and therefore have been very *guilty* of a Stink, have endur'd the Cruelty of tormenting Fairies, that is, have been pinch'd into Manners, and a better *Smell*. Artificers, when at work, punish any unhandsome Action, by a particular Severity peculiar



liar to themselves, which they call *Pursing*. The Execution whereof is after this Manner : The Malefactor being prostrate on a Block, two of the same Occupation pull, as *discreetly* as they can, his Drawers as close to Buttock as a *Spaniard's* Breeches, so as not to be laid hold on by the most curious Pincers ; the *Pavement* of Posteriors being levell'd and smooth'd from any Wrinkles, a third Artisan strikes it with a Rule, whose smart Application, by *quick Jerks*, makes some Impression of Pain, and so moves the Blood as to raile and start a Tincture, and (as it were) the *Flea-biting* of a Blush. Some of the more obstinate Criminals are punish'd by *Suspension*, but not by the Neck, as here in *England*, but by the Wrists, *Thumb-rop'd* together with a String of Hay, and so fasten'd to a Peg ; well ! this is but the Beginning (and as it were) the *Hissing* of the Punishment ; do but mark, and the *Sting* will follow : The offending Taphy thus dangling in the Air, the Beadle approaches with a Stick *imp'd* with a Feather at one End, and tickles his Testicles ; these softer Titillations engender some *Vibrations* of Body, and nimble Friskings, which are shrewdly chastis'd by a surly *Cat-of-nine-tails*.

The Cattle, we saw most *legible* on their Mountains, were Goats and Heifers, a runtish Sort of Animals, of a *dwarfish* Size, but very *hardy*, of a flinty Constitution, *calculated* on purpose for the *Meridian* of a Rock, on which (it seems) they can as heartily feed, as an *Ostrich* on an Anvil. Great Numbers of these are often *disembogu'd* into adjacent Countries, which, after some time, *circulate* home again in a *Stream* of Money ; which yields wonderful Refreshment

to

to the fainting Dominion, almost sick for the Comfort of such a Cordial. We perceiv'd their Herds to be frequently mingled with little Pal-fries, a stunted Sort of Horses, diminutive Brutes, *Shavals* in Short-hand. They are *lower* in Stature than an *Ass*, but much *swifter* in Foot, and very strong; as it appears from their Bur-dens, which are oftentimes the *Fortune* and Sub-stance of a whole Family; for when a Mortal breaks, he mounts all he hath on a *Welsh Nag*, and travels under the Character of a *Scotch Ped-lar*. We chanc'd to see a Team of this small Cattle, a rare Spectacle, being (as we suppos'd) the least that ever was heard of, unless that which was harness'd in *Venus's* Chariot, which was a Team of *Doves*. These *British* Steeds are so brisk and mercurial, that the People would perswade us, that a *Tapby* on a *Tit* would outstrip in Travel an *Arabian* on a *Dro-medary*; a Thing almost incredible, though the *pricking* up their Ears, and the *sticking* up their Tails, is an Argument of their Mettle, and may give some Colour and Ground for the Assertion.

That, which we admir'd most of all amongst them, was the *Virginity* of their Language, not deflower'd by the Mixture of any other Dialect: The Purity of *Latin* was debauch'd by the *Vandals*, and was *Hun'd* into Corruption by that barbarous People; but the Sincerity of the *British* remains *inviolable*. 'Tis a Tongue (it seems) not made for every Mouth; as appears by an Instance of one in our Company, who, having got a *Welsh* Polysyllable into his Throat, was almost choak'd with *Consonants*, had we not, by clapping him on the Back, made him *dis-gorge*

gorge a Guttural or two, and so sav'd him. They usually *liquefy* the most rugged Mutes, and soften 'em by Pronunciation; melting the Word Tug into Tudge, as is clear from this Distick:

*Still did he tudge her Ear*

*In Praise of the Tirteen Seer.*

*i. e.* did *tug* her Soules with Elogiums of her Country. Whether the *Welsh* Tongue be a *Splinter* of that universal one that was shatter'd at *Babel*, we have some reason to doubt, in regard 'tis unlike the Dialects that were *crumbled* there; however, whether it be kin or no to other Country Speeches, it matters not; but this we are assur'd of, it is *near* and *dear* to the Folk that utter it, who are so passionately fond of it, that they will scarce admit another into the *Embraces* of their Lips, which sputter forth a Kind of loathing of our *English* Language; wherein, if a Question be ask'd them, they will, with somewhat of Disdain and Choler, make Answer, *Dim Saïssonick*, *i. e.* no *English*. Their native *Gibberish* is usually prattled throughout the whole *Taphydome*, except in their Market-Towns, whose Inhabitants being a little rais'd, and (as it were) puffed up into *Bubbles* above the ordinary *Scum*, do begin to despise it. Some of these being elevated above the common Level, and perhaps refin'd into the Quality of having *two Suits*, are apt to fancy themselves above their Tongue, and, when in their *other Cloaths*, are quite asham'd on't. 'Tis usually cashier'd out of Gentlemen's Houses, there being scarcely to be heard even one single *Welsh* Tone in many Families; their Children are instructed in the *Anglican* Idiom, and their Schools are *pædagog'd* with Professors of the same; so  
that



that (if the Stars prove lucky) there may be some glimmering Hopes that the *British Lingua* may be quite extinct, and may be *English'd* out of *Wales*, as *Latin* was barbarously *Goth'd* out of *Italy*.

The *Cambro-Britons* are great Admirers of heroick Actions, and much honour the Memory of famous Achievements; insomuch, that rather than a *Deed-doing* Man shall perish in Oblivion, they will eternize his Name by the Monument of a *Straw*, or some such inconsiderable Trifle; as appears by that famous Example of that Saint of their Country, Bishop *David*, who being a pert Fighter, and having soundly *basted* and swaddled their Foes, is at this Day consecrated to Posterity by the *Trophy* of a Leek, and *smells* as rank of Renown, from that vegetable *Preservative* that embalms his Fame, as they do of a *Scallion* that carry it about for his Glory. Their Hats are set with this Anniversary *Badge* and *Emblem* of Honour, and Triumph, on the first of *March*; which Day hath been christen'd by his Name, and, being *dubb'd* an Holy-day, hath worn yearly in the Almanack a *Scarlet Letter*.

There is *one thing* more also very *observable* among them, and that is, that, of all the maim'd Persons that ever we read of, we find none comparable for Nimbleness to a *Cambrian Cripple*; a pregnant Proof whereof was presented to us in this following Instance: A Fellow with Crutches mov'd by *Protrusion* in a certain Wheel-barrow, espying a Bear near the Rear of the *Thruster*, was so surpriz'd with Horror at this tremendous Sight, that he pack'd up his *Pedestals*, i. e. tuck'd his oaken *Shins* to the *Zodiack* of his Girdle, and  
away

away he fled; *Bruin* and the *Protrusor* in vain troop'd after him, who led them a Risk with such winged Speed, that they could never overtake him; he clearly out-stripp'd them, to the eternal Glory and Renown of *Welsh Lameness*.

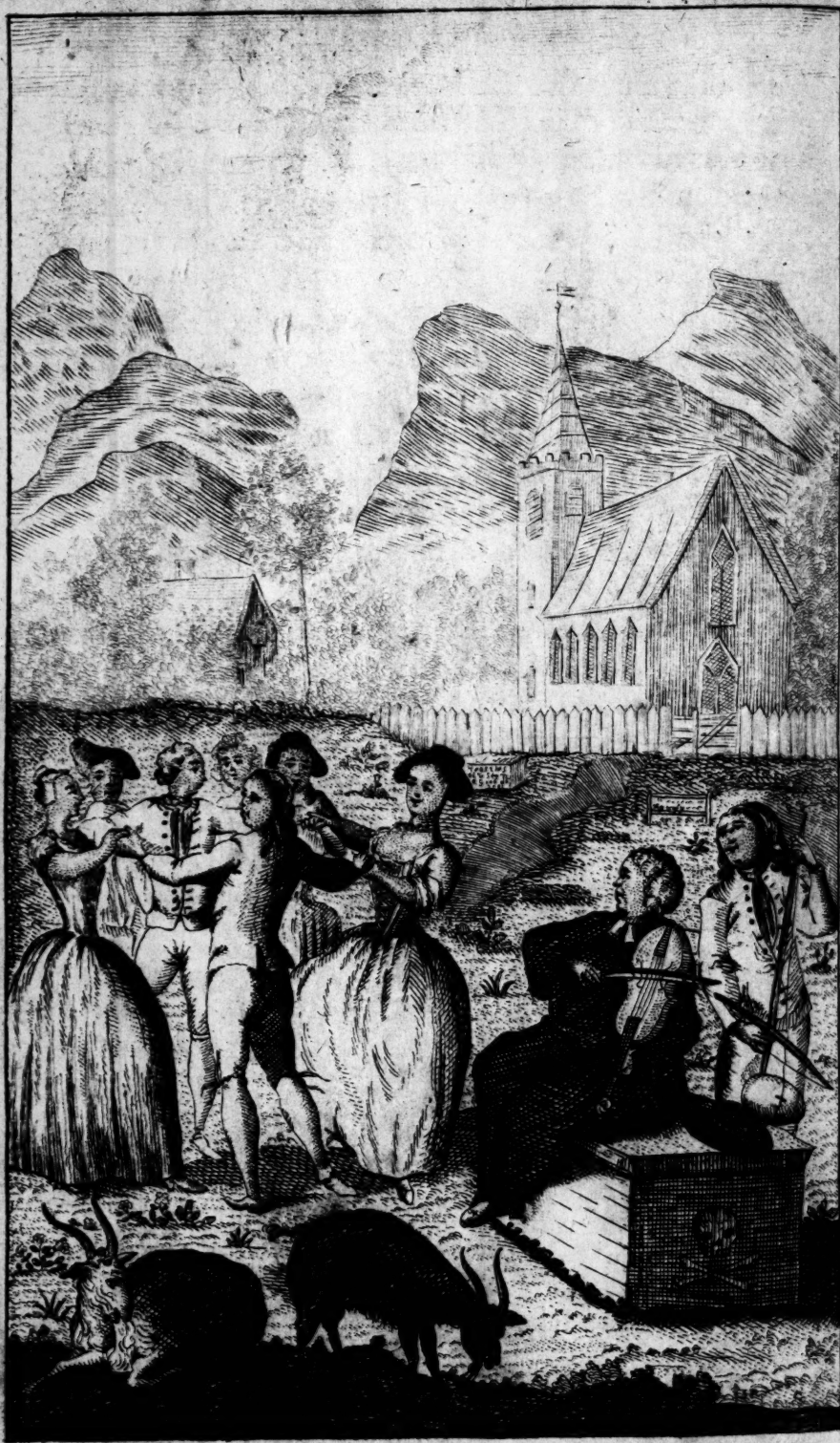
These are some of the *choicest* Observations we made when conversant among the *British* Mountains; we might easily have added more (the whole Nation indeed being but *one grand Remark*) had not the Suddenness of our Return prevented us. If it should chance to be our Lot to set our Feet on that Soil a second Time, we shall venture to present another *Show* of it; for 'tis Pity such a rare Sight as *Wales* should want a *Trumpet*, nay, and a *Fool* too to proclaim and expose it to the World.

After we had cramm'd our *Budget* with these few Notices, we jogg'd on with our Freight to the Brink of the Sea, where, mounted on a *Pinnacle*, we rode to *Bristol*, from whence, with all possible Speed, we trudg'd in a few Days to the *Metropolis* of the Nation called *London*.









A  
T R I P  
T O  
NORTH-WALES:  
BEING A  
DESCRIPTION  
OF THAT  
Country and People.

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*Vincit qui Patitur.*

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L O N D O N :

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TO

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D. C. H. I. S. T. O. R. Y.

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## T R I P

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## N O R T H - W A L E S.

**I** Know not by what Fatality it came to pass, that I was bred up to the Study of the Law ; but, surely the Importunity of others had a greater Hand in it; than any Inclination of my own ; for, I was ever of Opinion, a young Barrister without an Estate (my Case) made as awkward a Figure, as a Dancing-Master in the Habit of a Non-Con Parson ; in regard such rarely get their Bread, till they have lost their Teeth to eat it. However, being called to the Bar, I began to consider, what Way I might best settle myself into Business with the least Certainty of Expence, and the greatest Probability of Advantage. Amongst all the numerous Projects that fill'd my Head, I could think of none like going a *Welsh* Circuit : For happening one Day

(in *Trinity Term*) to dine at a *Welsh* Judge's House, with whom I was acquainted, I met there some Attornies of that Country, who, in less Time than a Man might say over a *Pater-Noster*, made all that was set upon the Table invisible; and then, to make us amends, entertain'd us with a romantick Harangue of the Felicities of *North-Wales*, which they talk'd of, as if they had been describing the Land of *Promise*, that flow'd with Milk and Honey; nay, they wanted little of persuading me, that Broad Cloth of Twelve Shillings a Yard grew upon the Hedges; and every now and then, a Request was wedg'd in, that I would come and practise amongst them. There needed not half so many Arguments, to put me upon a Thing I was naturally forward enough to undertake. So the Bargain was quickly struck up, and I fully determined to visit *Wales* the very next Circuit.

But, before I proceed any further, I will first premise some Account of the Place and Inhabitants, and then speak of my own Treatment there.

*Wales* then (anciently called *Cimbria*) is divided into *North* and *South-Wales*. 'Tis the former of these I propose to say somewhat of. This consists of six intire, tho' small, Counties, viz. *Montgomery*, *Flint*, *Denbigh*, *Merioneth*, *Carnarvan*, and the *Isle of Anglesea*, and is separated from *England* by the Rivers *Dee* and *Severn*.

The Air is the best thing it has to boast of, and will sooner procure you an Appetite, than furnish you with Means to supply it.

The Country looks like the sag End of the Creation; the very Rubbish of *Noah's Flood*; and



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and will (if any thing) serve to confirm an *Epicurean* in his Creed, That the World was made by Chance.

The highest Hills that ever I saw in *England*, such as *Penygent*, *Ingleborough*, and the like, are meer Cherry-stones to the *British Alps*; and no more to be compar'd with them, for Stature, than a *Grasshopper* with *Goliath* of *Gath*. So that there is not, in the whole World, a People that live so near to, and yet so very far from Heaven, as the *Welsh* do.

You cannot travel from Town to Town, but you must needs take the Clouds in your Way, who so gratefully resent your Civility in calling upon them, that you will have no Occasion to complain they send you away dry; for you may, at your Journey's End, beshake your Cloaths with as good a Grace, as any Water-Dog does his shaggy Pantaloon.

A Tree challenges as many Lookers on here, as a Blazing Star, or an *African Monster*, does elsewhere. And for green Things (Leeks only excepted) you might have seen as many in *Egypt* when the Locusts had been rapateeing the Country.

Coaches in many Parts were never so much as heard of, nor can the Natives form any Ideas of them, that are not as disproportioned to the Truth, as *Montezuma's* Conception of the Sea, who had never seen any thing longer than a Horse-Pond. Carts are about the Size, and somewhat of the Shape, of Brewers Drays.

Horses are no Rarities, but very easily mistaken for Mastiff-Dogs, unless view'd attentively; they will live half a Week upon the Juice of a Flint-Stone. (For Grass and Hay,



they know as little as Oats.) And they will run upon the Ridge of a Mountain as thin as the Back of a Knife, with as much Security and Speed, as an accomplish'd Race-Horse will exert upon *New-Market-Heath*, or *Salisbury-Plain*.

Their Beasts are all small except their Women, and their Lice, both which are (to an Hyperbole) of the largest Size.

They want not Store of Mutton, that is tolerably sweet, for Meat so lean: But Goat's Flesh (as more suitable to their own rank Constitution) has the Preference; this, forsooth, they call *Rock-Venison*.

These Goats are such excellent Climbers, that the only Way, to be familiarly acquainted with them, is to tender your Respects, by a Musquet Ball.

Little want is there of Fish; such as *Trout*, *Guinaid*, *Salmon*, *Lobsters*, and the like, but no *Maids* to be met with.

Their Beef is as tough as an Artillery Man's Coat upon a Training Day, and requires a very Ostrich's Stomach to digest it.

You cannot suppose they want Pork in a Country so very swinish.

Their Dressing Victuals serves to verify an Old Proverb, That *where God sends Meat, somebody else will furnish them with Cooks*.

Their Houses generally consist but of one Room, but that plentifully stocked with Inhabitants; for besides the Proprietors, their Children and Servants, you shall have two, or three Swine, and Black Cattle (White they are never without) under the same Roof, and hard to say, which are the greater Brutes.

These

These Houses have Holes dug in their Sides, that serve them for a double Purpose, both to let in Light and to let out Smoak ; they represent both Windows and Chimnies : For, should a Man have a Chimney perching on the Top of his thatch'd Mansion there, he would stand in great Danger of being prick'd down for High-Sheriff.

Cow-dung is their principal Firing ; and the neater Sort use Swine's Dung instead of Soap.

Necessary Houses are the only Places reputed needless here : Perhaps the same Pot that boils their Food serves them for another Use. This you may assure yourself, there is very soft treading near a *Welsh* House, for those that are troubled with Corns. In a Word, it is an absolute Cataplasm ; but no Carrion will kill a Crow.

Thus much for their Habitations : Now for those that dwell in them.

Some suppose them to be descended from the same common Parents with us ; but to hear one of them talk, you would take them for a Sort of *Præ-Adamites*, nor can there be any thing imagined so troublesome, as a *Welshman*, when possessed with the Spirit of Genealogy. They are, doubtless, the true Off-spring of the ancient *Britons*, and have crept into this obscure Corner of the World, no Ways able to recompence the Toil of Conquest : They liv'd many Ages undisturbed, and as safe as a Thief in a Mill, till our *Edward*, with much a-do, cudgell'd them into Humanity, and persuaded them

them (sore against their Will) to live a little like the rest of their Neighbours.

Wolves were formerly as plentiful among them, as Pickpockets at a Conventicle, till their Princes being obliged to pay a yearly Tribute of Three hundred: In Process of Time, no noxious Vermine, but the Inhabitants were left in the Land.

They have this in common with the *Jews*, that they ever marry in their own Tribe, which, as it is detrimental to them, so it is highly advantageous to all others.

Their Language is inarticulate and guttural, and sounds more like the Gobbling of Geese or Turkies than the Speech of rational Creatures. It is stuff'd as full with Aps, as ever you saw a Leg of Veal with Parsly.

They are so well vers'd in the History of their Descents, that you shall hear a poor Beggar Woman derive her Extraction from the first Maid of Honour to *Nimrod's* Wife, or else she thinks she is No-body.

If they want a Pewter-Spoon or Porringer in their House, yet will they by no Means be without a Pedigree.

The Itch is more hereditary among them than Estates; and they have Lice upon all their Bodies. To remedy the former of these Inconveniencies (the other is not reputed any) they anoint themselves so profusely with Brimstone, that their Shirts and Shifts might almost serve instead of Card-matches; so that they are intolerable Company, if once they get the Wind of you.

They are such great Lovers of Cleanliness, that they never shift above four Times a Year,  
and



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and that exactly upon Quarter-day, except it happen to be Leap-year.

Most of the middle (and all the meaner) Sort, are as absolute Strangers to Shoes and Stockings as to moral Honesty : Whereby their Legs and Feet become in Time so callous, that hardly any thing will hurt them.

For their Christianity (if you'll believe *Tertullian*) they came by it very early ; but, like an old Coat, it is now grown so thread-bare, that you can hardly make it out, that there ever was such a Thing as Christianity among them.

They preface every thing with *Got* and *Saint Taphy know* ; which Saint was a very worthy Gentleman, that could play at Back-sword well. You may read of him plentifully in that excellent Book, call'd, *The History of the Seven Champions* ; to which I refer you for further Information.

Their most usual Imprecations are these ; *May hur never wear Leek more ; May hur be choaked with toasted Cheese ; and the Tiphil bite hur Head off.*

Their Churches somewhat resembled the *Jewish* Tabernacle converted into a Pidgeon-house. Their Pews look exactly like the Pens for Geese, Calves, and Hogs in *Rumford-market*, or *West-Smithfield*. And there it is, that (by Way of Ornament, not Use) they deposit those few Bibles they have.

Their Pulpits (generally the Trunk of some hollow Tree) are badly covered, and worse lined. Their Priests (which are made of the vilest of the People) have just *Latin* enough to intitle them to the Benefit of the Clergy, and  
no

no more. For *Greek*, it suffices them to have heard there is such a Thing in the World, they never trouble themselves about it. *Hebrew*, they are the best qualified for that can be, partly in Regard of their own guttural Pronunciation, and partly because its Roots flourish best in barren Ground ; but they are as absolute Strangers to it; as the rest of the uncircumcised World.

Yet it is rare to see any of them without the Rubrick and *Cambridge Arms*, *Lucem & Potula*, Fire and Cups in their Faces ; so very conformable are they.

Their Surplices are full as coarse (and almost as white) as Carmens Frocks ; you would take them for spiritual Muckenders, for they are perpetually wiping their Noses on them.

Five Marks a Year will creditably and comfortably maintain one of those illiterate Sir *Johns*, his Wife, and six Children ; nor do they deserve one Penny more than they have. They are universally the Sow-gelders and Ale-house-keepers of their respective Parishes.

I heard a Parson recommend, in publick, a Woman that had the *French-pox*, first to the Mercies of God, in his Prayer, next, to the Charity of all pious well-disposed Christians, that knew not how soon it might be their own Condition.

At *Penmorthey*, some of our younger Sort sent one Evening for a Fidler ; and who do you think should come, but the Reverend Doctor of the Parish, who pull'd a small squeaking Instrument (miscall'd a Violin) out of a Slit in his Cassock, and began to make as good Melody as three or four Cats in a Garret at Midnight ? A Person present threw a Cake of Butter

Butter at him, which so obnubilated one Side of his Ecclesiastical Chops, he threatened to complain to his Diocesan, who was a Justice of Peace; but was soon stopped by a Present of Six-pence; a Sight, I suppose, he had not been blest'd with since last Easter-Offerings. After which, he was so very pliant to the Humours of the Company, that you might, without Offence, have kicked him like a Foot-ball.

You may expect, but will not find, any Rings of Bells here; yet most of their Churches have one, about the Bigness of a large Candlestick, hung upon (not in) a Thing like a Steeple, as a Mushroom is a Millpost: This is generally rung out upon any joyful News.

I remember once we had a Church-warden's Accounts canvas'd in Court, and among other Things, there are these that follow.

*Item*, Three-pence for a twisted Hay-rope to the Bell at St. Mary's Church.

*Item*, Seven-pence for a Gate, to keep off *Thomas Ap Richard's* Cow from devouring the aforesaid Rope.

Their Church-yards serve the Dead for Burying, and the Living for a Dancing-place, and that every Sunday; for there you shall see a blind Harper mounted upon a Grave-stone, making admirable Harmony, and surrounded by the Long-ear'd Tribe, like another *Orpheus* amongst the Beasts.

For their civil Government, it is after the Model of *England*; but, in many Things, as much varies from it, as the *Turkish* Alcoran does from the *Scotch* Directory.

They have Judges of their own, that carry with them, in their Circuits, an itinerant Chancery,



cery, King's-Bench, Common-Pleas, and Exchequer: so that the same Hand that inflicts the Wound, at common Law, applies the Equity Plaister also.

In three Weeks Time they will sue a Man to an Out-lawry. It is the Form of one of their Proclamations; *Morgan Cadwalader*, Gent. come forth and answer to *Jane ap Rice Williams*, in a Plea of Dower, or else you lose three Kine, Price Fifteen Shillings.

They are very favourable to their own Countrymen, and will by no Means subject them to any capital Punishment; an Instance of which we had in our Circuit, where we could not hang one Man. There was a Fellow indicted for Sheep-stealing, and a very pregnant Evidence of his Guilt produced, yet the thick-skull'd Jury brought him in guilty of Man-slaughter. But Strangers are not to expect such fair Quarter.

Their Civil Actions are brought upon very frivolous Accounts. As for your Hens scraping up a Daisy in your Neighbour's Garden; for a Phillip on the Nose; for saying you are no true *Welshman*, and the like.

No Man will appear there, either upon a Jury, or a Witness, unless he be called by his Addition of Quality, as well as Name; as *Hugh Owen*, Esq; *Evan Roberts*, Gent. nay, it has been known, that when my Lords the Judges have in their Circuits been so crowded, as to be well nigh stifled upon the Bench; and the Sheriff has found all his Mandates to keep the King's Peace, upon Pain of Rebellion, invalid, he has at last been forced to cry, All you that are Gentlemen of *Wales*, and ancient Britons, stand

stand off, and keep your Distance ; which has effectually done the Business.

They are of a hot, cholerick Temper, and will, upon a Word's speaking, run at you with their Knives full drive. But as their Valour is soon kindled, so it as quickly evaporates.

For their Women, they are happy that know them only by Report ; for to have to do with them is, in a literal Sense, to be guilty of the Sin of Uncleanness.

Reading is a valuable Accomplishment amongst both Sexes ; but, to be able to write too, makes them presently commence Rabbies : for many, even of the better Sort, think themselves no mean Scholars, if they have once attained to be able to set their Marks to a Deed.

Their Wenches unspit Meat with their naked Teeth, which are full as sweet as clean ; so that, had *Cornelius Agrippa* seen *Wales*, 'tis more than probable, he had rank'd their Cookery amongst his Vanities of Sciences.

Butter is there of a dark yellowish Complexion, mix'd with green ; and you must hold your Nose in your own Defence, before you can get it into your Mouth. However, 'tis very good to grease Cart-wheels.

Eggs bear no Price, unless they have Chickens in them, and then they are as much coveted, as Green Pease in *January* by a Big-bellied Woman, or Spiders by a sick Monkey.

Toasted Cheese epitomizes all Dainties with them ; and they eat it with as much Luxury as the *Scotch* do *Steenbarnack*, or the *Irish*, *Bonniclabber*. It is made of Cows Milk, mix'd with that of Goats, Bitches, and Mares ; so that an *Englishman* would as soon choose to dine with

with a hungry *Tartar* upon Sun-burnt Horse-Flesh, as put a Bit of it into his Mouth.

Forks they never use, looking upon Fingers as the more primitive Institution.

Their Liquor is of a pale deceitful Complexion, but as treacherous in its Effects, as the worst of those that either brew or use it.

To sum up their Character in one Word :

They live lazily and heathenishly; they eat and drink nastily, lodge hardly, snore profoundly, belch perpetually, shift rarely, louse frequently, and smoke Tobacco everlastingly.

An Account of my Entertainment amongst 'em must now ensue.

I had no sooner passed the River *Dee*, but I began to grow sensible I was not in *England*; for the Country, I was got into, look'd no more like it, than if a Man had been in *America*, or the most uninhabited Parts of *Arabia*. There was a savage Air in the Face of every Body I met, that plainly told me, These must be descended from *Brutus*, the Nephew of *Virgil's* Hero.

The first Town, we stepp'd in, was the *Welsh-pool* in *Montgomeryshire*, where we were so commodiously lodged, that it may be presumed *Marius*, when in the *Fens* of *Minturnum*, lay in a Palace, compar'd with this ill-favour'd Resemblance of an Inn. We got early to Bed, in regard of our next Day's Journey, which consisted of twelve *Welsh* (that is to say, thirty-six *English*) Miles; for every one of them was a complete *Dutch* League.

I had not gone above a third part of the Way, 'ere my Horse lost a Shoe, an ordinary Misfortune in that rocky Country. I desired the Judge



to stay till he was shod, but he told me he could not, for he was oblig'd, by such an Hour, to meet his Brother at the City of *Dinas Moutbaye* (a Place I shall no more forget, than a Parliament Soldier *Edge-Hill* or *Marsten-moor*) which, as he said, lay strait on, and was but six Miles distant. I ordered my Man to book it down to prevent Mistakes; and expected to find a Place, at least, twice as big as *Shrewsbury*. Well, I got my Beast shod, with much ado, by a very Beast as himself: a Smith that could speak no more *English* than a Dromedary, and work'd at least three Fathom under ground, like the ancient *Troglodites*, *Herodotus* and *Strabo* mention.

The first Object I met, I had like to have mistook for a Piece of *German Clock-work*; his Head, Hands, and Feet, all kept Time; whilst he put himself to no less Pains than *Hercules* in cleansing the *Augean Stables*, to make a living *Automaton*, call'd a *Keffel*, or Horse, move. The Creature appear'd thoroughly to have imbib'd the Doctrine of Passive Obedience, and no more valued his Rider's Stripes and Kicks, than the *French King* does the Duke of *Modena*; but still preserved, in his Pace, a Majestick *Spanish Gravity*: It look'd as if lineally descend-  
ed from *Praise God bare Bones*, and was so gross an Idolater, that almost every Moment it bow'd down to Stocks and Stones. Friend says I, which is the Way to the City of *Dinas Moutbaye*? He survey'd me with as great Attention, as if he design'd to draw my Picture, for a full Quarter of an Hour; and then comforted me with a *Diggon Comrague*, *Dimsarfnick*, i. e. (as I was afterwards told) *I can speak Welsh, but no*  
B English.

English. At last, riding on (after not a few perplexing Fears) I was got into the Middle of the City, enquiring the Way to it; till a Woman, that had Shoes and Stockings on (whom, for that Reason, I took to be a Person of Quality) told me I was in the High-Street. Casting my wonder-struck Eyes about here and there, by some half Pikes, that over-topp'd a small Cottage, I began to perceive my Judge was got into his Grandeur, and so it prov'd.

I found him in the uppermost Room of the House (that had notwithstanding a Clay Floor) which was hung with as noble and elegant Tapestry as ever Spider's Room produc'd.

The Porridge-pot (bold as it was) fac'd his Majesty's prime Commissioners of Oyer and Terminer, without the least Appearance of Shame: but the Broom, as if good Housewifery were quite out of Countenance, was modestly retir'd into a Corner, behind the Door. It had two Beds at the Upper-end, a Goat and two Pigs at the Lower-end, and a Fire-place in the Middle. His Lordship bad me welcome, and told me I came in Pudding Time; for they were just going to Dinner, and stay'd only for Mr. Mayor: Ay, thought I, it must needs be a blessed Mayor that belongs to this Corporation; and in the Midst of my Contemplations, his Worship was pleas'd to appear.

There was a Fellow that carried a Batoon or Truncheon (daub'd with yellow at each End in Imitation of Gilding) much of the same Fashion with those the Marshals of the City Militia carry before their Captains, instead of a Mace before him.

He

He was of a Presence sufficiently august and venerable, for he had just such a Face as our Sign-Post-Daubers give King *Harry VIII.* of glorious Memory ; and it might be divided, as Dr. *Heylin* has done the Kingdom of *Poland*, into Wood-Land and Champion : The nethermost Part was lamentably over-grown with Hair, which much resembled *Bafat a Baker*. His Hat might be worth about two Groats, for the Kitchin stuff that was on it ; but, setting aside that, the whole Inventory of his Wearing Apparel had been over-rated at Six-pence. His Cloaths hung about him like Bandileers or Sauzages ; and, to speak the Truth, he was the raggedest Dog of a Magistrate that ever my Eyes beheld.

However, the Judges gave him the Right-hand of Fellowship, and set him at the upper End of the Table, where, after a little of the *Welsh* Ale had invaded his *Pericranium*, his Tongue run as nimbly as Wild-fire, and that so very long, that the Philosophers, who were at a Loss for perpetual Motion, might have found it there.

I remember (amongst other things) pointing to a House over the Way, that the Sun shone thro' in about five and forty Places (and where one would have thought a Dog, or a Cat, could not have subsisted a Fortnight without catching Cold) *Cot knows* (says my old Gentleman) *bur Family has flourish'd there these Eleven Hundred Years.*

From thence we departed, after Dinner, for the Town of *Dolgeltblie*, in *Merionethshire*, where we kept our first Assizes, or to (speak in their Language) Great Sessions.



In our Passage, upon the Brow of a Mountain, we were met by the High-Sheriff, at the Head of the Gentry: They were such as would hardly have pass'd Muster for petty Constables here; but there it was every one Colonel such a one, and Justice such a one. They were mounted upon little Keffels, about a Cubit and a half high, to which a *Scotch* Galway, or *Irish* Garron, look'd like *Bucephalus* himself; but what they wanted in Stature was abundantly supply'd with the Length of Mane and Tail, and a deep Channel between every Brace of Ribs.

This Town of *Dolgelthlye* had several Things very remarkable belonging to it; of which, the most memorable were these.

*First*, It was wall'd with Walls six Miles high, meaning a Ridge of Rocks that environ'd it: And they were such, I'll assure you, as would have bid Defiance to *Hannibal* and all his Vinegar.

Then we came into it under Water, and out of it over Water. A boarded Channel convey'd a small River over our Heads; and we went out of it over a Bridge, *More Anglicano*.

Then the Steeple grew. There was but one Bell, a mere *Tintinnabulum*, and that hung in a Tree, which, to do the Country Right, was the only Tree I saw growing there: For, setting aside that, I did not see living Timber enough to make a Whipping-Post of.

*Lastly*, There were more Ale-houses than Houses in it; for every House was subdivided into divers little Tenements, each of which sold Drink apart.

Surrounded by a vast Tribe of the bare-footed Regiment, we got, at length, to our Lodgings; where

where I desired my Landlady to shew me a good Room: *That shall you have,* says she, *Got knows: And such a one as Christ nor Saint David ever lodged in.* And in that she spoke nothing but Truth; for it was a Ground-Chamber, whose Walls looked as if they had catch'd the Leprosy. They were plaistered with Mortar of twenty different Sorts of Colours; and at the Bed's-head was a Cranny, through which the Wind diluted with Force enough to blow off a Man's Night-cap.

No less than a whole Cart-load of monumental Timber was carv'd into my Bed-stead; and it was to be ascended by a Ladder of six or eight Steps; so that it was highly necessary for a Man to make his Will before he went into it, lest, if he had tumbled out in the Night, he had awaken'd in another World the next Morning, as infallibly he must have done.

The Ticking was so obdurate, that it seemed to be quilted with Flint-stones instead of Feathers; and perfectly drew Indentures in my Flesh.

Upon the Teaster, a whole Race of *Welsh* Spiders, descended, as I presume, from the great *Cadwalader*, hung in Clusters, ready to drop into my Mouth, if I slept with it open.

I had a Pair of Sheets laid on as coarse as any Nutmeg-grater: I wish, to my Comfort, I could have said they had been half as clean; for they look'd of as dimsy a Complexion, as if they had scrubb'd half the Keffels, or Horses, in the Country with them. When I expressed my Dissatisfaction, and told my Landlady, I did, at least, depend upon the Civility of a Pair of clean Sheets, as being us'd to wear pretty good

nen: She reply'd, *Got knows I need not be so nice ; they had not been lain in but six or eight Weeks ; she took them fresh off bur Husband's Bed.* And then, you know, I had no Reason to complain.

Well——in I got, but could no more sleep, than if I had been in *Regulus's* Barrel, or Little-ease ; for I had a Regiment or two of Fleas immediately at free Quarter upon me ; which prov'd such admirable Phlebotomists, that I hardly knew myself next Morning, when I came to consult a Looking-glass. And they may talk what they will of their black Cattle, I am sure I found some of a different Complexion next Morning ; and, in a Week's Time, I was grown so complete a Grazier, that I could have stock'd e'er a Tartar in the County. My Judge lodg'd in somewhat a better Room overhead ; and following him down Stairs one Day, I had the Luck to find an over-grown Louse of the first Magnitude, on his Scarlet Robes. I was at first strongly tempted to lay violent Hands on it, for its Audacity ; but at last resolved to let it alone ; concluding it must needs, some Time or other, fall into the Hands of Justice ; as no doubt but it did, though unknown to me.

My Man they cramm'd into a Hole in the Roof of the House, the Hieroglyphick of an Oven, much about the Size of an *English* Hen-roost ; where notwithstanding, as he told me himself, he made a Shift to enjoy a more comfortable Repose than his Master could meet with.

But this was not all : Misfortunes rarely come single : In the Middle of the Night (wanting the



the usual Fortifications of Lock and Bolt to my Chamber Door) in comes a great Sow, who, I suppose, had been Tenant in Possession there before, and came to claim a Re-entry. She was so very big, that I was horribly afraid she would have pigg'd under my Bed: With this grunting Chamber-fellow I was obliged to pass over the Night, but never in my whole Life before pray'd either so heartily, or so often, *Phosphore redde Diem.*

Next Morning, occasionally consulting a Bit of Looking-glass that was pasted up against the Wall (in which a Pigmy could not see his Phiz, but by *Synechdoche*) I found I was grown an absolute Stranger to my own Countenance, so miserably had my Cannibals excoriated and disfigured it.

When I got up, I call'd for a Bason of Water, to see if the liquid Element would contribute any thing towards meliorating my Looks. The Wench (to shew the Frankness of her Temper) brings no less than a Pailful, but so very dirty, that (excepting her own Face) I saw nothing likelier to turn a Man's Stomach in a Morning fasting. All that I shall say of my Towel is, That it was very correspondent to my Sheets.

I next sent out for a Barber (resolving to set the best Face upon Matters I could) and, in about half an Hour's Time, in comes a greasy Fellow, swift to shed innocent Blood, who, in a Trice, from a portable Cupboard, call'd his Codpiece, pulls out a Woollen Night-cap (that smelt very much of human Sweat and Candle-grease) and about two Ells of Toweling, of so coarse a Thread, that they might well

well have serv'd a zealous Catholick instead of a penitential Hair-cloth.

After some fumbling, he pulls out a Thing he call'd a Razor, but both by the Looks and Effects, one would easily have mistaken it for a Chopping-knife; and with pure Strength of Hand, in a short time, he shaved me so clean, that not only the Hairs of my Face, but my very Skin was become invisible; for he left me not sufficient to make a Patch for an *Æthiopian* Lady of Pleasure: I gave him a small Piece, bearing *Cæsar's* Image and Superscription; at which he doff'd me so low a Bow, that the very Clay Floor was indented with his Knuckles, and so he reverently took his Leave.

Going into the Kitchen, which was as near my Chamber as might be, I found my Landlady preparing for a very nice Piece of Cookery, and that was to make a Fricassee of Chickens, by the Help of a Whistle that summoned also her Maids and Hogs. The young Family were soon got to their Rendezvous; and when she saw a full Appearance, a good Billet, artificially managed, made the *Mittimus* of about Half a Dozen of them in a Moment's Space; both their Feathers and Skins were stripp'd, and the poor Creatures handled with more Barbarity, than a *London Hangman* ever us'd a Traitor's Body.

Whilst I stood in a brown Study, contemplating her Neatness, I was on a sudden surpriz'd with a Noise, much resembling that of Coopers, Trunk-makers, Pewterers, and Tinkers, in Concert: In a Word, *Babel* itself never produc'd a more confus'd or inharmonious Jargon.

Upon

Upon putting my Head out of the Window, I found it was a Company of their Militia, marching into a Valley to perform their Exercise: they did so exceedingly revive in my Memory the Black-Guards, that I was some time before I could persuade myself I was not at *Charing-Cross*.

They went as the unclean Beasts enter'd the Ark, by Couples; most of them had Swords stuck in the Waistband of their Breeches for want of more regular Belts; they had Quires of brown Paper stich'd upon their Stomachs to keep off Bullets; and about two Thirds of them were arm'd with Birding-pieces, as if they were going to make War with the Sparrows, Field-fares, and Jackdaws; the rest carried long Poles, miscall'd Pikes: their Colours seem'd to be patch'd together out of some old *Darneux* Curtains; what their Impress was I could not learn. Their Drums were Pails and small Tubs, headed with Pedigrees, which made a terrible Noise; their Officers, for Distinction, instead of Scarves and Corslets, wore great Bunches of Leeks in their Hats. When their Names were call'd over, you would have concluded you had heard the Muster-roll of *Xerxes's* Army, but 'twas only, *Vox, & præterea nibili*.

As I cast my Eyes around, I espied an Object that methoughts (in regard of his rueful Looks, and wretched Habit) was intitled to Compassion, if not Charity; and he seem'd with a very moving, tho' dumb Rhetorick, to invite me to a Conference; but, bless me! How easily are we Mortals mistaken? This very individual numerical Animal, who was the absolute Hieroglyphick of a Scar-crow, instead of asking me  
an



an Alms, as I verily expected, came to proffer me a Fee, or rather Bribe ; for it seems, some malicious Neighbours of his had a Month's Mind to make him High-Sheriff of the County, he being a substantial Gentleman, worth Sixty Pounds *per Annum*, and he was desirous to use my supposed Interest with the Judges to get him excus'd.

Thus was I introduc'd into the Circuit ; what further memorable Passages did occur in, and out of Court, I design, if this meets with a friendly Reception, to make the Subject of a Second Part, and so for the present shall give a little Repose to my Pen and Fingers-ends.

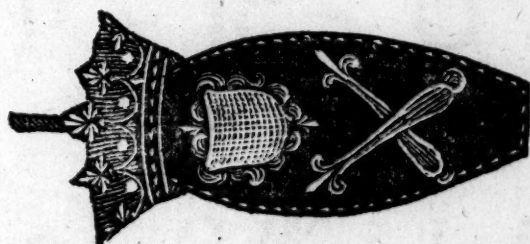


A  
FUNERAL  
SERMON,

Preached by the

PARSON  
OF  
*LANGWILLIN.*

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LONDON:

Printed for J. TORBUCK, in *Clare-Court,*  
near *Drury-Lane.*

GENERAL  
SERMON

Preached by the

PASTOR

OF

THE CHURCH



LONDON:

Printed for J. T. ...  
and ...





A  
F U N E R A L  
S E R M O N,

Preached by the

P A R S O N  
O F  
L A N G W I L L I N.

**T**Early beloved Brethren ; I am here  
among you to make a great Preach-  
ment upon a dead Body : My Text is  
in the ten and twentieth Chapter of the *Maca-*  
*bes,*

bes, the Ferse, indeed, I cannot very well remember, but I am sure it was there; the Words are these, *Figitate & orate*, that is to say, *Watch and pray*. I will stick to my Text, I will warrant you: Our Creat-Crand-Father *Adam* was a fery cood old Man, inteed, inteed, Truth he was, and lif'd in Cod's own House, in Paradise, a fery fine Place, I will warrant you; he had all Things provided, to his Hands, he needed not to puy a Spoon or a Nocking, he hat all Sorts of Trees, as Plumb-trees, Pear-trees, Sherry-trees, and Codling-trees, but for want of Cood-take-heed, hur was fall. Our Creat-Crand-Mother *Eve*, a Pox take her for a Plague, Pago must needs go rop an Orchard, the Tephil shew'd hur the Way, for there is no Mischief on Foot but the Tephel and the Woman must hafe a Finger in the Pie; so hur was come Home, and persuade hur Husband to eat some of hur stolen Apple, it was Cod's Mercy it did not stick in hur Throat and choak him: After this, she was prose with Child, and prought to pet of prafe Poy, and call hur Name, I cannot fery well remember—Oh *Cain*, yea, *Cain*; it was this prafe Poy, but unlucky Rogue, like hur Mother: After this, hur was prought to ped of nother prafe Poy, and call hur Name *Apel*, oh that was cood Lad; and now I come to part with my Text; hur was pray, and had hur watch too, pefore Cod, hur Prother *Cain* had not come behind hur Pack and knock hur Prains out; this was murthering Fillan, so hur was forced to out-run hur Country, and so into a strange Land, which taught  
hur

hur strange Tricks : O this Sin of Murther, my peloved, prought heafy Shudgment upon the Earth, and what do you think it was ? I will tell you then, it prought these Lawyers and Pum-pailiffs to rop the People of their Estate and Money ; after this, my pelosed, was come another Sin upon the Earth, and prought heafier Shudgment along with it, and what do you think that was ? I will tell you then, it prought these consuming Catpillers, these destroying Locusts, these hellish Vermin, join'd together with Excise-men and Custom-house-officers, to pry into every Nook, and look into every Corner for Trop of cood Trink, marry ; Cod confound them all, and from them *libera nos Domine*, that is to say, Cood Lord deliver us : My pelosed, peware, I pefeech, of this loathsome Sine of Trunkenness, for our Creat-Crand-Father *Noah* had no sooner scape Scouring in the Ark, and cot safe to Land again, but he went to the first Ale-house he could find, and there was trink, trink, trink all Day, and all Night, and then come Home trunk, and puse hur Family, so I doubt it is with to many of you : My pelosed, at the treadful Day of Shudgment, when the Pastors shall be called to gife an Account of the Sheep delifered to their Sharge, and when the poor unworthy Parson of *Langwillin* shall be call to gife an Account for the Sheep delifer to my Sharge, and when the Lord call, I will not hear, and when hur call again, I will not answer, and when hur call a third Time, I will say as old *Ely* bid *Samuel* say, Lord, speak, thy



thy Servant heareth thee ; and when he ask me  
for the Sheep delifered to my Sharge, pefore  
Cod, I will tell him flat and plain, you are  
all turn'd Coats (*i. e.*) Goats.



THE  
Mouse-Trap:  
A  
POEM.

---

Written in *Latin*  
By E. HOLDSWORTH, of *Magd. Coll. Oxon.*

Made *English*  
By SAMUEL COBB, M. A. late of  
*Trinity-College, Cambridge.*

---

—————*Inhuman Men,*  
*Skilful in Guile and Mischief, have contriv'd*  
*A dire Machine, full of insidious Fraud,*  
*They call a TRAP, a mortal Foe to MICE.*  
*Homer's Batr.*

---

L O N D O N :  
Printed for J. TORBUCK, in *Clare-Court,*  
*near Drury-Lane.*

311

Monroe T. Sp.

△





THE  
 Mouse-Trap:  
 A  
 POEM.



ING, MUSE, the BRITON, who on  
 Mountains bred,  
 And like *Saturnian* JOVE, with Goat's  
 Milk fed,  
 In the close Prison of a wiry House,  
 By Magic Cunning, first incag'd a *Mouse*;  
 Notorious Felon, the dire Charms relate  
 Which hurry'd on inextricable Fate.

*The Mouse-Trap:*

And thou, O PHÆBUS, if that Sound delight  
 Thy willing Ear, to aid the Poet's Flight,  
 Or rather SMYNTHEUS thy Attention claim,  
 To ancient *Mice* a formidable Name:  
 Now in my Breast let all thy Favour throng,  
 And guide me in this unattempted Song.  
 Forsake thy wonted *Pindus*, to descend  
 From *Cambrian* Mountains, and my Toil befriend;  
 While I, delighted with the Task, rehearse  
 Small Actions, painted in heroic Verse.

A *Mouse*, a Creature of that salvage kind,  
 Whom Nature form'd with a voracious Mind,  
 Had long, unpunish'd, by successful Toil  
 Flourish'd on Rapine, and grown rich with Spoil.  
 Secure he rang'd, and, like a Villain, ply'd,  
 Where Hunger prompted, and where Laws  
 (deny'd.

By quick Excursions on each Dish he prey'd,  
 And spoil'd the Viands where his Teeth were laid.  
 The nimble Rover, at each private Feast,  
 Intruded boldly, an unbidden Guest.  
 Not Towers of Brass, nor Doors of Steel cou'd bar  
 The greedy Tyrant from incroaching War.  
 Cheese-cakes and Tarts to stop his raging Lust  
 Were fortify'd in vain with brittle Crust.  
 With unbought Victory his Arms were crown'd,  
 He found no Bars, or eat through what he found.

But while o'er all the World this Poison crept,  
 Which, unreveng'd, the Desolation wept.  
 WALES chiefly mourn'd the ruinous Disease,  
 A Nation fam'd for Valour, and for *Cheese*.  
*Cheese*, the consummate Dish, and sound Delight  
 For which alone a *Mouse* would *Custards* flight.  
 For those by Fits, with nice and careless Play,  
 He licks, and wantons in the milky Way.

But

*The Mouse-Trap.*

5

But *Cheese* supplies him with a double Treat,  
At Noon to riot, and at Night retreat,  
And be at once his Lodging, and his Meat. }

This does their Passions, Grief and Anger, raise,  
And kindles the warm Nation to a Blaze.

They tear and rave, and o'er the Mountains run,  
Fly to all Places, but at Ease in none.

For, as old Bards have in their Verses sung,  
The *Cambrian* Hearts with Wrath are quickly  
stung,

As if their Souls, so wondrous prone to Ire,  
Were ting'd with Brimstone, and as soon took  
Fire.

Nettled alike, now all consent to shed  
Their bloody Vengeance on the cursed Head  
Of the vile Caitiff; how they might insnare  
The wary Robber, was their prudent Care.

Long they debated on the surest Course,

Or secret Stratagem, or open Force;

And what brave Captain should their Army lead,  
And quell the Monster in extremest Need.

The conquering *Cat*, who many Battles won,  
By whom the Race was *only not undone*,

Was now deem'd useless; tho' she us'd to keep  
A wakeful Guard, and nigh his Fastness creep, }  
Or watch his Cavern with pretended Sleep. }

In vain, the Thief, behind his Lines immur'd,  
Was by his native Littleness secur'd.

This was his Bulwark, and from hence he draws  
A strong Advantage on more potent Claws.

For if by Chance he smelt the *Sentry's* Face,

Backward he slunk to his retiring Place, }

Unpassable by stern *Grimalkin's* Race. }

Nor with new Sallies ventur'd out his Head,  
'Till Danger with the watchful Pyrate fled.



Safe in his Harbour 'till the Coast was clear,  
Which help'd his Courage, and secur'd his Fear.

So when great CÆSAR kept the World in awe,  
And *Britain* yielded to the *Roman* Law,

(If Custom the Comparifon allows

Of Great with Small, a *Welshman* with a *Mouse*)

The *Welsh* intrench'd, to shun the laft of Ills,

And burrough'd in their known impervious Hills.

To Nature's Rampires the whole Nation flocks,

And skulks behind impenetrable Rocks.

Despair compell'd them oft to quit the Field,

They could not conquer, and they would not  
(yield.

Hence of CADWALLADARS, and a long Row

Of Ancestors, some thousand Years ago,

They vaunt, as Heralds born, and proudly boast

Their ancient Language, and unconquer'd Coast.

Since then the *Mouse* with adversary Guiles  
Had oft out-general'd *Grimalkin's* Wiles.

And *Cambria* could no farther Hope descry ;

Or from the Claws, or Craft of her Ally.

A Parliament is summon'd to appear

And meet in Council on the Land's Frontier.

Where now *St. David's*, once a noble Name,

Mourns her lost Titles, and diminish'd Fame.

Hither the Fathers, Lords, and Mob repair

And strong with Brimstone scent the ambient Air.

At this full Congress an old Sage appear'd

With hoary Head, and venerable Beard,

Envy'd by Goats, which on the Mountains

(graze ;

His Hands all o'er incrusted, and his Face

Foul with the known Distemper of the Place.

Worn out with Years, he on a Post reclin'd,

Which *Cambrian* Shoulders often us'd to grind,

Unloaded the Resentment of his Mind.

He

*The Mouse-Trap*

He turn'd his Whiskers with a graceful Stroke,  
And in deep Tone, thus the grave Father spoke.

“ We're not assembled to provide Relief

“ 'Gainst open Foes, but a clandestine Thief :

“ No fierce Invader from some foreign Part,

“ But lodg'd and harbour'd in the Country's  
(Heart :

“ The barb'rous Tyrant ranges where he please,

“ And, absolute, invade our Lorded Cheese.

“ O Woe ! O Grief of Grievs ! O galling Shame

“ To the try'd Valour of the *Cambrian* Name !

“ Shall we obey a saucy Mouse, whose Rules

“ Are absolute, and made for passive Fools :

“ No——let it ne'er be said——but let us try

“ Our Force, and conquer in the Cause, or die.

“ Grave Senators, and venerable Peers,

“ Your Country's Sword and Shield, remove  
(our Fears.

“ If any Hope or Remedy be left,

“ Unite, and combat with the growing Theft :

“ So shall your Arms our ancient Fame renew,

“ And brave CADWALLADARS revive in you.

He said, and then exposing to their Sight

Half-eaten Relicks of the Tyrant's Spite ;

Trophies of Rapine, which too sure betray

How by the Dint of Teeth he forc'd his Way, }  
And printed Conquest on his mouldy Prey. }

This stings the Blood, this blows the raging Fire,

And with new Fewel feeds the *Cambrian* Ire.

This in their Hearts does Emulation breed,

Some dire Revenge, and some th' heroic Deed

Inflames with Thirst of Glory ; all contend

By various Deaths to work the Robber's End,

And hammer on the Anvil of their Brain

Incredible Machines of cruel Pain.

The bearded Sires are on Destruction bent,  
And Fortune labours with the vast Event.

But one above the rest was most renown'd,  
Taffy his Name, than whom was never found }  
A smarter Genius in the County round.

No Blacksmith for a Senator more fit,  
Surpassing all at Hammer or at Wit.

He wav'd the greasy Profits of his Trade,  
Whenever injur'd WALES implor'd his Aid.  
In Words, like these, the brave illustrious Man  
Attack'd his Audience, and he thus began.

" Fathers and Brethren, if the Fame decrease  
" Of our rich Morsels, and our envy'd Cheese,  
" The hungry Ploughman will most Damage  
(feel,

" And lose at Supper a substantial Meal.  
" The Wealthy too will have a Loser's Share,  
" And crown no Banquets with the dainty Fare.  
" Since they nor we are able to withstand  
" The Salvage Monsters which infest the Land,  
" Since nor *Grimalkin's* Strength, nor Fraud  
(prevail,  
" I'll try, if this Right Hand, this Head will  
(fail.

" 'Tis all the same, if with Success we meet,  
" Whether we gain by Valour or Deceit.

This strikes the Reverend Council with Sur-  
(prize ;

They gape, and stare, and listen with their Eyes.  
A sudden Joy does every Heart dilate  
In silent Wishes for their better Fate,  
To know the Means they earnestly desire,  
And what, and when, and where, and how, in-  
(quire ?

Then



*The Mouse-Trap.*

9

Then Taffy scratch'd his Head, a Pleasure  
(grown

Familiar to the *Cambrian* Clime alone.

He grinn'd a horrid Laugh, and thus he said;

“ When Yester Night had cast her silent Shade,

“ And me surrender'd to refreshing Sleep,

“ Which on my Limbs and Eyes began to creep :

“ A Mouse audacious follow'd by Degrees

“ The fummy Steams of unconcocted Cheese,

“ Which from my Mouth I threw ; the Pyrate  
(leap'd

“ Thro' my unguarded Jaws, and down she  
(slipp'd

“ Into my Bowels, and began to prey

“ On th' undigested Meals of Yesterday.

“ But while his Way the Thief returning  
(fought,

“ I snapt him, and betwixt my Grinders caught ;

“ Wak'd from my Sleep at some surprizing  
Thought,

“ In vain the Rebel struggled and in vain

“ Us'd his poor Strength to break the biting  
(Chain.

“ This Hint, at last, revolving in my Mind,

“ How Mice might be subdu'd, if once confin'd;

“ The Notions crowded in my teeming Head,

“ And a new Prison and new Fetters made,

“ From such a Model fashion'd and dispos'd,

“ As the late Captive of my Teeth inclos'd.

“ O wondrous ! by what Art, what secret Springs

“ The Hand of *Jove* moves sublunary Things !

“ How Nature does a constant Tenour keep !

“ And what Effects from unthought Causes leap !

“ The

*The Mouse-Trap.*

- " Th' instructive Mouse has taught us now to  
 " Our Cheese, and make the Conqueror a  
 " And tho' unwilling, cures the Wounds he  
 " Nor blush, grave Sires, that to a Mouse you  
 " The Stratagem to work his Overthrow ;  
 " 'Tis wise to take Instructions from a Foe.

This said, the Congress rose, and TAFFY strait  
 To his respective Home repairs in State :  
 Peals of Applause from th' attending Throng  
 Wounded the *Æther*, as he past along.  
 The tattling Nurses spread abroad his Fame,  
 And lisping Infants stammer out his Name :  
 All full of TAFFY, none but TAFFY sing,  
 What Wonders from his mighty Wit would spring ;  
 How great the Nation's *better Hope* would grow  
 By conquering an hereditary Foe.  
 But while they offer up their Prayers, to bless  
 His Brain's ingenious Issue with Success,  
 Lo! wond'rous to behold ! the sober Cat,  
 Who by the Fire but now demurely sat,  
 Brisk as a Kitling, twirl'd her boding Tail,  
 And, if the Faith of Poets may prevail,  
 The Curds were seen to dance within the Milk-  
 (ing Pail.

Mean time with Tooth and Nail, with Hand  
 (and Brain,

Did TAFFY, like another VULCAN, strain ;  
 While PALLAS help'd him with her Art, and Oil,  
 To finish his Divine, laborious Toil,  
 A MOUSE-TRAP call'd, nor heard before, nor seen,  
 A wond'rous *Tragi-comical* Machine.

And

*The Mouse-Trap.*

And now, my Muse, do thou vouchsafe to  
Describe this Fabric in no vulgar Stile,  
And paint the nicest Parts of the stupendious  
(smile,  
(Pile ;

In Form quadrangular two Planks are laid,  
One founds the Basis, and one crowns the Head.  
The Sides around are fortify'd with Wires,  
On which strong Columns the whole House as-  
(pires.

An Entry does insiduously entice  
With hospitable Look the Pilgrim *Mice* :  
But from above depends a threat'ning Board,  
Hung by a Twine, like DAMOCLES's Sword.  
(So all are serv'd by Fates, who weave the Doom  
Of Mice and Men upon one common Loom !  
High on the Surface of the Fabrick stands  
A Pole, on whose notch'd Head a Beam expands  
Its wooden Arms, and pois'd alike in all,  
One End mounts upwards by the other's Fall.  
Within the Dome a slender Wire depends,  
Which from the Top thro' a small Hole descends,  
Which pendulously wantons here and there,  
And at the slightest Touch plays loose in Air.  
The lower Part a Hook, portending Fate,  
But flesh'd and brib'd with an alluring Bait :  
The upper Part does treacherously seem  
To bite with Iron Tooth th' extreamest Beam ;  
But soon as she has felt the nibbling Foe,  
She drops her Hold, and lets the Portal go :  
There without Bail, or Main-prize, or Relief,  
She shops for Life (too short !) the greedy Thief.  
Thus far has TAFFY play'd the Builder's Part,  
A Pile erected by the Rules of Art.  
But now to furnish his enchanted House,  
And kill with Kindness the devoted Mouse ;

In



In Flames he fortifies the scented Bait,  
 And loads the cheating Hook with luscious Fate.  
 And now was come the memorable Night,  
 Design'd to do the suffering *Cambrians* Right.  
 Down on his Bed undaunted TAFFY lay,  
 And in soft Slumbers lost the Toils of Day ;  
 The friendly Engine near his Pillow kept  
 A faithful Guard, while the bold Hero slept.  
 Mean time the Mice, a frisking Nation, play'd,  
 Protected by the Night's officious Shade.  
 A Mouse of high Degree did first expose  
 His valiant Life in quest of Prey, and Foes, }  
 Of sharpest Teeth, and most sagacious Nose. }  
 But vain's our Courage, if a luckless Sign  
 With Beams malignant on our Cradle shine ;  
 Or if a Mouse of hopeful Parts be torn,  
*Grimalkin's* Victim, and a *Welshman's* Scorn.  
 Up strait the Leader march'd his Prey to seize ; }  
 For to his Nostrils some auspicious Breeze }  
 Had borne the grateful Scent of roasted Cheese. }  
 But wiry Pallifades impeach his Way,  
 And the first Onset of his Fury stay.  
 Yet his great Soul a vile Repulse disdains,  
 And double Vigour from Resistance gains ;  
 With curling Nose and searching Beard explores  
 An Entrance at th' inexorable Doors,  
 Which upward held, the willing Guest admit  
 To taste his Ruin in the savoury Bit ;  
 Then dropping downwards with a frightful Sound,  
 Th' unhappy Captain of the Mice surround.  
 The sudden Noise rous'd TAFFY from Repose,  
 Who at the Call of Victory arose :  
 He burns impatiently to know, and learn  
 This new Adventure of a high Concern.

*The Mouse-Trap.*

13

Mean time the Mouse, his Conquest, raves  
(within,

And bounces in th' irrefragable Gin.  
New to this Prison, and new-fashion'd Hold,  
He fumes, and stamps, like *BAJAZET* of Old.  
His Head against the slender Bars he beats.  
And with mad Teeth th' impassive Iron eats :  
So when a Hunter toils a *Marfian* Boar,  
The Woods rebellow with his hideous Roar ;  
The Youth around his idle Tusks deride,  
The Sport of Mastiffs, who afflict his Side :  
His useless Foam he on his Shoulders throws,  
And on his Back a bristly Forest grows.

The Morning Sun discovers to the Sight  
The Triumphs of the *TRAP*, and silent Night.  
From their steep Mountains the swift *Cambrians*  
(run,

And with Huzza's proclaim the Battle won.  
The Ass, an Enemy to Toil and Pain,  
Had chang'd his Nature to a merry Vein :  
Frisk'd like a Kid, and like a Lambkin play'd,  
And thrice the publick Joy he loudly bray'd :  
Thee, *TAFFY*, thrice he roars to Hills around,  
Thee, *TAFFY*, thrice the ecchoing Hills resound.  
The hooting Owl (since that auspicious Time  
Declar'd the *Herald* of the *Cambrian* Clime)  
All Night through open Streets and Cities flew,  
And his presaging Beak against the Windows  
(threw :

Loudly he rang from his unluckly Throat  
The Captive's fatal Knell with dismal Note.  
The Mountains travel, and from *Pembroke* come  
A Clan of Tenants, from \* *Mervinia* some :

---

\* *Merionethshire.*





But all in vain ; for *Puss* expecting lay  
With nimble Feet to seize her panting Prey ;  
On whom, when shaken from his Holds, she flies,  
And fixes cruel Kisses on her Prize.

She tells what secret Joys within prevail,  
By wanton Motions of her twirling Tail.  
Sometimes she, careless, on the Ground reclines,  
Still watchful on her Captive's dark Designs ;  
Sometimes she paws his Neck, and licks his Face,  
And girds him with a barbarous Embrace :  
With sportive Cruelty, a subtle Task,  
She acts the Tyrant in a Lover's Mask.

But now the merry Scene of Action's past,  
And, like an unfed Lioness, at last,  
Tir'd with her wanton Play, and trifling Toil,  
She growls and grumbles o'er her trembling Spoil ;  
And while his Bowels and his Limbs she rends,  
Loud Acclamations to the Clouds ascends.

*Echo*, the Tenant of the *Cambrian* Hills,  
With the repeated Shout the Caverns fills.  
*Brechin*, and *Snowdon*, and *Plinlimmon's* Mount,  
And *Offa's* Ditch the various Toils recount :  
Resound the Fortune of their Country's Wars, }  
Their slaughter'd Tyrant, and their finish'd Jars, }  
And bear the Triumph to the neighb'ring Stars.

But thou, O *Taffy*, in my Verse shalt live  
The long Eternity which Poets give.

The *Welsh* with annual Joy preserve thy Fame,  
Thou brightest Honour of the *Cambrian* Name!  
Thy Country does with Gratitude o'erflow, }  
And tho' no conquering Bays she can bestow, }  
Yet fragrant *Leeks* shall for thy Brows instead }  
(of *Laurel* grow.)

F I N I S.

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*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.*

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